

Chapter 1: Memories

The first day back had been marred by Harry's news of Ron's death. Ginny, even though she had hated him for what he did, cried. Ron was her Brother even after he betrayed her friends and family. Dumbledore informed the other Weasly's, Molly and Arthur asked Dumbledore to ask Harry where the body was and Harry had no idea, he doubted Voldemort would keep it around. Hermione on the other hand wasn't so sure that Harry wasn't telling the truth. "I know you said Voldemort did it but now that I've had time to think about it why would he?"

"Because he thought he was getting me!" Harry and Hermione had been arguing about it for the past few minutes in her room.

"That doesn't make any sense; Voldemort doesn't kill a member just because he is getting another one."

"You weren't there! Ron said something about Voldemort not wanting me to kill him when Voldemort said that he didn't need Ron anymore since I was going to join him!"

"Stop yelling at me Harry, I am staying calm, I just want to know how it really happened."

"I told you how it happened!" Harry throws his hands up in surrender. "I guess I'm sleeping in my bed tonight if you're going to accuse me of murder!"

"No Harry I'm not accusing you of murder I'm saying you're lying. You have not told me everything, I know you are lying about something, and you know what I think about you hurting, killing, someone."

"I'm not lying about that!" Oops, Harry hadn't meant to say that.

"Then what are you lying about Harry?" Hermione wasn't telling Harry the truth either, Luna had told her he was lying about something, what, she wasn't sure.

"I, I'm going to my room." Harry walks out of Hermione's room, Hermione just sits on her bed and watches him walk away, she knew he was lying about something and now he admitted he was, about something. Hermione hoped Harry hadn't killed Ron but he was lying about something and Harry had said he wanted to kill Ron. Hermione after hearing Harry go down the stairs gets up to go after him.

Harry, lying on his bed, pounds on a pillow. "Damn it I didn't kill Ron, why can't she believe me!" Harry punches the pillow again. "Damn it! Ron why did you let Voldemort kill you!" Harry still remembered the good times with Ron, playing Wizard chess, or the time Ron helped him get to the Stone went with him to the Forbidden Forest to see Aragog, he had been a good friend. After Ron had exposed himself as a Death Eater, killed people, Harry wanted to get revenge on Ron and now he couldn't. "He stole that from me!" Harry punches the pillow not hearing the door open. "I was supposed to kill him, Voldemort stole that from me! He stole my revenge, for my parents, for me, Mione..." Harry pounds on the pillow in anger, in rage at Voldemort taking what Harry saw as his right.

"Harry I'm sorry." Harry turns around, throws the pillow at the wall behind Hermione. "Harry I don't think you killed Ron," Not anymore now that she saw what Harry was doing, what he had said, "But you are lying about something."

"I was going to join him ok?" Harry kicks the headboard now that the pillow he had been abusing was on the floor.

"You said that was to trick him, right?"

"I lied ok! I was going to join Voldemort, anything for a family." Harry kicks it again causing it to crack.

"Calm down Harry I didn't mean to make you mad." Hermione stays away; Harry had been hiding something and was letting it out now.

"Damn him!" Harry kicks the headboard again breaking it off the frame and into the wall. "I was so close, my parents were right there but they didn't want to be saved!" Harry kicks the broken headboard again and again wishing it was Voldemort. "I wanted to join him

Hermione! But they didn't want to be saved!" Giving the headboard one final kick his foot smashes through it and puts a hole into the wall.

"Harry they weren't supposed to be here and now they are back where they should be."

"They're my parents; I'm supposed to be in their house, not mine. They should be here to protect me, love me, and take care of me." Harry kicks the wall putting another hole in it.

"But they aren't Harry and they won't be will they?" Hermione walks towards Harry but doesn't get too close. "Why didn't you?"

"Why didn't I what?" Harry pulls his foot out of the wall and turns around to look at Hermione.

"Join him." Hermione reaches out towards Harry cautiously as she wasn't sure if his temper had cooled yet.

"My sister stopped me." This confused Hermione, she hadn't seen anyone else there, and Harry didn't have a sister. "She told me they wanted to go back to heaven, why Voldemort kept them in different cages so they wouldn't kill each other." Harry ignores Hermione and kicks the nightstand next to his bed knocking it over.

"Harry you should stop doing that." Hermione picks the pieces of the glass cup off the floor.

"It's my stuff I can do what I want to it." Harry lies down on his bed as he had broken and hit everything in his reach.

"Harry how did your sister stop you? We were the only ones there, no other girls, are you sure you weren't seeing things?"

"I know what I heard, it was her, and she stopped me from joining Voldemort." Harry wanted to, for his parents, but his parents didn't want to live, how could they not want to be with him?

"Doesn't mean she is your sister Harry, Voldemort knows you want a family and could be tricking you." It didn't make sense to Hermione

that Voldemort would do that when Harry was going to join him. "He may be trying to hurt you, again, you don't know."

"Every time I get close to having a family I lose it. My parents, my son, maybe my sister, I can get close but never get it." Harry sits up putting his head in his hands running a hand through his hair trying to compose himself.

"Your son?" Hermione puts a hand on her stomach, it wasn't possible, she had taken the potion, the only time without it was when she and Harry were drugged by Ron, was Harry hoping she'd get pregnant? "Harry if you want a family we can have one, after we graduate, and get married, but right now we're too young."

"Not that Mione." Harry didn't go any farther; he looked at the broken head board, the holes in the wall behind it, the nightstand broken on the floor. "Dobby?" Crack

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir?" Dobby looks around at the mess. "I is to clean this Mister Harry Potter Sir?" Harry nods. Dobby snaps his fingers, casts a few spells, and the damage is repaired. "Is that all Mister Harry Potter Sir?" Harry nods again and Dobby Apparates away.

"Harry if you want to do something, go somewhere, I'm sure..."

"No, there is nothing to do, they are gone." Harry stands up and hugs Hermione. "Sorry I yelled at you."

"Harry you should have told me the truth to begin with." Hermione hugs him back.

"I didn't want you to think I was weak, I'm supposed to be strong, protect you."

"You need protecting to Harry and I don't think you're weak, you loved your parents and would do anything for them, you would do anything for me, that is a strength not a weakness." Hermione kisses Harry, sitting down on the bed. "Harry are you ok? You kicked the wall pretty hard."

"I'm fine Mione; I shouldn't have yelled at you, I shouldn't act like that I'm almost seventeen." Throwing a fit was not acting like a man something Harry would soon become.

"You had to let it out and you did." Hermione was glad Harry took it out on his bed, and wall, and nightstand, instead of on himself. He told her about trying to drink so much he wouldn't remember anything last year, after he ran away, met Amelia. "Wait, your son, Harry you and Amelia don't have a kid, do you?" Hermione bites her bottom lip worried about the answer.

"No, for a second I thought I did but I don't." Jim thought Harry was his Father but according to Dumbledore he was nothing but a bad memory for Amelia.

"Oh." Hermione lets out a sigh of relief. "Like I said Harry if you want a family we can have one, later."

"Not until Voldemort falls." Harry had already decided that, until Voldemort fell he wouldn't bring anyone else into this world while Voldemort walked on it.

"Harry come back to bed with me ok? I wasn't accusing you of murder but I knew you were lying and you said before you wanted to kill him." Hermione stands up holding a hand out wanting to lead Harry to her room.

"If I had I would have told you Mione. If I had I wouldn't be so mad, but Voldemort stole that from me, and I couldn't kill Wormtail." Harry stands up not taking Hermione's hand. "Mione can I stay here tonight?" Hermione is disappointed, even if they just held each other at night she wanted to be with him.

"If you want to Harry." Harry sees the look on Hermione's face and kicks himself.

"It has nothing to do with you Mione I just want to be alone."

"If you say so Harry." Hermione walks out of the room not saying anything else.

"Good job Harry, push her away, what's next kicking little old ladies in front of cars, drowning puppies?" "Shut up voice!" Harry lies on his bed staring at the ceiling trying to think through all the things in his head failing miserably.

The next morning after a shower Harry shows up at the dining table. "So Harry I saw you were sleeping in your room for a change." Devin is already there, he got up early for a run.

"Be quiet about that Devin they don't know." Harry looks over his shoulder to make sure the Granger's weren't there.

"They're asleep Harry, as are Ginny and Monica."

"What about Hermione?"

"She's in the shower." Devin takes a bite out of his eggs.

"And how do you know this?" As far as Harry knew Devin wasn't psychic, an empath yes, but not psychic.

"She's mad at you and when she gets mad she lets the water beat it out of her." Devin could feel the other's feelings, like Luna could. Now that he was able to show his emotions he was able to use his powers like he use to. "Why I am staying single I don't have to deal with fights."

"What about Luna?" As Harry sits down a plate appears with eggs, bacon, and toast.

"She is a friend, someone who knows what it's like to deal with the same shit."

"She wants to be more Devin, you should let her, when me and Mione aren't fighting it's great to have someone there." Although Harry wasn't sure if they were fighting, he had just said the wrong things at the wrong time.

"I doubt it Harry she is too good for me." Devin may be able to show his feelings again but it didn't mean he would feel better about himself.

"Don't say that Devin, why do you think she helped you last year? Or this year was trying to get close to you all the time?"

"Because Harry." It was the best Devin could come up with. "I'm done; I'm going back to my room."

"Is Mione still in the shower?" Harry had made Devin feel uncomfortable and figured he would go see Hermione, if she wasn't busy.

"Yeah, give her a few minutes she's still mad at you and walking in on her changing probably won't help you." Devin gets up and walks away while Harry eats his breakfast and gets a plate for Hermione.

"Mione?" Harry knocks on the door. "I'm coming in." Harry walks in and sees Hermione on her bed reading a book. "I brought you breakfast."

"Ok Harry, glad you're willing to see me again." Hermione says it in a monotone voice.

"I know you're mad at me..."

"Damn right Harry you lie to me, ignore me, of course I'm mad." Hermione crosses her arms and stares at Harry as he sets the plate of food on the bed. "You wouldn't even stay with me last night."

"I'm sorry; I don't know what else to say without making this worse." Harry walks over to the door. "I'll leave you alone if you want me to, I don't want to but if you are still mad at me I'll leave you alone."

"I'm still mad at you Harry but it doesn't mean I want to be alone." Hermione grabs the plate and starts to eat. "Thanks Harry, breakfast in bed is always a good way to make a girl feel better."

"So you like to take a hot shower when you're mad huh?"

“How did you know that?” Hermione sets her fork down.

“Devin told me.” Harry smiles at the look on Hermione’s face. “He picked up on your emotions, how I knew you were awake.”

“How does that explain him knowing I was taking a shower?”

“Not sure, must be something to do with his powers.”

“He’s been using them? You weren’t hurt were you Harry?” Hermione starts to get up knocking her plate off her lap. “Oh crap I didn’t think...” In her hurry to make sure Harry was alright she hadn’t thought of the plate.

“I don’t mean like that, he is an empath, able to sense other people’s emotions.”

“I know what an empath is Harry.” Crack

“Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am must be more careful.” Dobby cleans the mess up instantly. Crack

“Dobby’s right you should be more careful Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am.” Harry sticks his tongue out at Hermione.

“Why does he call me that? He doesn’t call Ginny ‘Miss Ginny Weasley Ma’am’, or Devin ‘Mister Devin Stark Sir’, he only does the long names with you and me.” Hermione sits back on her bed wishing she had finished the eggs, they were really good.

“Well I am the owner of the house and you are my girlfriend so I guess he sees you as the Mistress of the house or something.” Harry walks over and sits on the bed next to Hermione. “Maybe later we could make that official.” Harry grabs Hermione’s hand.

“Of course Harry, later.” Hermione leans over and kisses Harry. “I’m not mad at you anymore.” Hermione smiles at Harry. “I still want to know how Devin knew I was in the shower.”

"If he starts to hit on you I'll kick him out of here."

"Harry don't I think it's good for him to start feeling like that..." Harry interrupts Hermione with a laugh. "Prat."

"I told him to go for Luna but he says he wants to stay single so he doesn't fight like we do."

"Maybe he needs to see the good side of a relationship."

"I don't think I'd feel comfortable with letting him watch us, unless he uses his powers to do that already."

"I didn't mean that, stop acting like such a prat, and I hope he doesn't, or can't." Although some people couldn't control their powers, there was a Wizard who made himself blind after he gained new powers and one of them was seeing through objects, including skin and he couldn't stand seeing the organs of people working all the time. "Maybe I should ask him and talk to him about Luna, she likes him a lot."

"I don't know Mione he pretty much ran out of the kitchen when I started talking about Luna."

"Cause he likes her so much and doesn't want to admit it," Hermione adds quickly, "It's a woman's thing." Harry shrugs his shoulders he didn't get it.

"Well maybe you can, later, right now I want to make up for being such a 'prat' as you put it." Harry goes and kisses Hermione, rubbing her thing when there is a knock on the door.

"Hermione, you got a letter." It was her Mother.

"Come in Mom." Harry runs to a chair and sits in it as far away from Hermione as possible trying to act innocent.

"Oh you two, I just thought, well Harry you got a letter to but I left it on the table." Penelope looks at her daughter, then at Harry, hoping they hadn't been together last night.

"Thanks Mrs. Granger, I brought Hermione breakfast since she hadn't come down for breakfast, although, you or Mr. Granger hadn't either." It was the truth, one of the few times, if Harry and Hermione could help it, that it would be.

"We were up late last night working on something, how nice of you though Harry." Penelope walks out of the room leaving the door open hoping it would keep the two teens decent.

"What does it say?" Harry gets up and goes over to the bed sitting on it.

"It's from Dumbledore, he wants me to make sure I keep up my training, and keep an eye on you." She hands the letter to Harry. "No secrets Harry." Dumbledore had said in the letter not to let Harry see it but after the year of fighting she had with Harry because she had to keep secrets from Harry she wasn't going to keep any from him again.

"Wow, wonder what he sent me." Harry gets off the bed after finishing the letter. "I'll be right back." Harry leaves Hermione in her bedroom and comes back a minute later with another letter.

"What did he want?"

"He says the Order has a spy in it so he wants you and me to escort Ginny to her house." Hermione takes the letter from Harry.

"Is he serious? You can't be walking around in the day like that, especially at the Weasley's, he's begging for an attack."

"No he isn't Mione, if I make a Portkey to her house she can get the things she left there like Dumbledore wants us to and I can go and get some of the things the Weasley's want, like pictures and things." Harry hadn't been back there since his 4th year, it would be strange knowing that Ron wouldn't be there anymore, that this could be the last time going to the Burrow.

"How does he know you can make a Portkey?" Hermione doesn't remember Harry telling him and after they got back from Voldemort they had spent nearly every moment together.

"He knows Mione, probably how he knows about everything else that goes on." Harry takes the letter back from Hermione. "I'll go get Ginny and ask her if she wants to leave today." Before Harry gets up Hermione grabs his arm.

"If she's still in her room I should be the one to get her, incase, you know." Hermione wasn't as uncomfortable about it as Harry was but she had walked in on them before and didn't want to do it again.

"Good thinking, I'll go downstairs and find Devin, the more with us the better." Harry and Hermione leave her room going in opposite directions.

"Devin?" Harry knocks on his door. "You in there?"

"Yes, what do you want Harry?" Harry walks in and finds Devin in the Lotus position meditating.

"Me and the others are going to Ginny's house to get some things and I thought the more of us that went the better incase we're attacked." Devin breaks the Lotus position and gets off the floor. "If you wanted to that is, you don't have to come if you don't want to."

"I will, probably the last chance to get out of here until we go back to school." Devin looks at Harry. "Glad you made up." Devin and Harry walk to the foyer of the house and see Hermione with Ginny and Monica.

"She said she wanted to go as soon as possible." Hermione walks over to Harry. "Are you sure you can do this?" She whispers this in Harry's ear so no one else hears it. "Before you were there when you had to visualize the area the Portkey was going to both ways, yourself and then the Common Room, what about this?"

"I remember enough about the house to make it their Mione, remember Gnoming the garden and the kitchen were Mrs. Weasley

would..." Harry stops as he starts to remember the good times with Ron, when he was still new to magic, how fascinated he was with all the things the Weasly's did with magic. "Well are we all ready?"

"How are we getting there? Is the Order taking us?" Ginny was nervous about going back home and worried that she would forget something because she was so nervous making her worry more.

"I am, watch." Harry pulls a book out and makes it into a Portkey. "Everyone put a hand on it and wait." It would activate the second the last person Harry had made the Portkey for touched it and it did when Devin was the last one to touch it.

Landing in the garden of the Weasly home several Gnomes run away from the group of teens. "They sure seem to have taken over, Mom would have hated that." Ginny sees the Gnomes scurry into holes all around the garden. "Did Dumbledore send you the Portkey?"

"No, I made it." And it cost Harry some of his energy, he, unlike Dumbledore, was tired after making one advanced Portkey. "Well we are supposed to get your things, the Twins things, and your parent's things, lets get going I don't want to be here to long." The longer they were there the higher the chance of an attack.

"This way Monica." Ginny takes Monica to her old room to help get her clothes and pictures.

"I guess I'll start here." Harry had never seen Mister and Misses Weasly's room before and isn't surprised to find what was in it. Dozens of pictures of the other Weasly's, young ones, old ones, dozens of them. Harry and Hermione start to collect the pictures and put them on the bed when Devin brings up a good point.

"How are we going to get all these back to your house?" They hadn't brought any boxes or anything to carry them in.

"Well, uh, Mione can make something, right?" Harry looks at her hoping she had an idea.

“Harry didn’t you bring your bottomless pouch?” Hermione had hers and had made one for Ginny and Monica.

“Oh yeah.” Harry reaches to his side, he almost never went anywhere without it.

“Do you have one Devin?” Devin shakes his head. “Well I can make one for you if you want one, they really are handy, all the things you can carry at once is amazing.”

“Uh, sure Hermione, but I don’t have any bags or anything on me to make into one.” Harry wasn’t sure but he thought Devin was blushing.

“No problem Devin I’m a witch.” Hermione smiles at him and makes a pouch using magic then uses the spell to make it bottomless. “Here you Devin, start in the first room upstairs on the right, but be careful the Twins had a lot of tricks that might hurt.”

“Ok, thank you Hermione.” Devin leaves Harry and Hermione in the older Weasley’s room.

“If I didn’t know better I’d say he has a crush on you Mione.” Hermione stares at him like Harry had lost it. “Hey I know what it’s like to have feelings for you that involve more then being friends.”

“You’re seeing more then is there Harry.” Hermione goes over to a drawer and pulls it open. “This must be Mrs. Weasley’s things, Harry you go through Mr. Weasley’s things, I don’t think you’d want to go through Molly’s bloomers.”

“Don’t you think we are old enough to call them Molly and Arthur?”

“I guess, I am an adult now and you will be soon.” Hermione starts putting things away as Harry goes through Mr. Weasley’s things finding his goody drawer.

“Wow, that’s an old phone.” Harry reaches in and finds the drawer was magical and seemed to be bottomless. “This is a, hmm, not sure what that is.” Harry starts to put more things away when he finds a grey box with a lock on it. “What could he have that he needs

locked?" Harry looks over his shoulder at Hermione who was busy grabbing Molly's things and putting them in her pouch. "Reducto." Harry blasts the locks off and uses his Seeker skills to catch the lock before it falls in the floor. Opening the grey box Harry finds something that he agreed should be locked up, a gun. "What is Arthur doing with one of these?" Harry knew Arthur had a thing for Muggle items, but they were mostly batteries and light bulbs not something like this.

"What's wrong Harry?" Hermione looks over and sees Harry had stopped.

"Nothing, just found something that would get Arthur in trouble with Molly." Hermione laughs thinking it is a porn magazine or some other Muggle Porn. Harry puts the gun in his pouch trying not to think about it.

"I think I got everything." Hermione closes the drawer on the cabinet. "Now for the pictures." She starts grabbing them and looks at all the different moments in Weasley history; even the old ones that were black and white you could see the red in their hair. "I think this is Ron." Hermione shows the picture to Harry. It is of a young kid being picked on by two look alike boys, it was a Wizard picture so the pictures moved.

"Probably, sure they would want it?" Harry was friends with Ron but now, after all that Ron had done, Harry wouldn't want the picture.

"Probably, he is, was, their son." Hermione puts it in her pouch and gets a few more while Harry finishes Arthur's cabinet of clothes and Muggle items. "Let's go see if Devin needs help." Hermione closes her pouch and waits for Harry to put a couple more pictures in his pouch.

"Ok, I guess." Harry had made a decision about something while picking up Arthur's things, he wouldn't tell, couldn't tell, Hermione about it but he had to do it. "Devin you done?"

"What does it look like!" Devin was fighting a pair of pillows that were attacking him. "I can't get my wand, help!"

“Reducto!” Harry blasts one pillow making the second one go after him. “Mione!” Harry puts his arms up as the pillow attacks him.

“Reducio.” Mione shrinks the pillow to the size of a tea bag. “Told you to be careful Devin, the Twins were known for their tricks.”

“Yeah well how was I supposed to know that included attacking pillows?” Devin checks himself for any injuries, finding none he goes back to the drawer that the attacking pillows came out of. Taking his wand out he uses magic to open the drawer, nothing comes out. “I should be able to take it from here.”

“We’ll help Devin; we got done with the other room.” Hermione and Harry help clean the Twin’s room and with three people doing it the room is empty quickly. “Hmm, we were able to clean two rooms before Monica and Ginny cleaned Ginny’s, what could she have?” Hermione had been in the room before and Ginny didn’t have a lot.

“They took a break, Ginny was sad because this will probably be her last time in her home, Monica cheered her up.” Devin had felt it earlier but was distracted by attacking pillows.

“Well we can help her.” Hermione leaves the Twin’s room and goes to Ginny’s room. “You need any help?” Hermione opens the door and finds Ginny on her bed.

“She needs time, she missed her room.” Monica was sitting on the floor watching Ginny.

“I’m sorry I’m holding everyone up.” Ginny sits up on her bed. “Harry, thank you for helping me get my things, get my family’s things, we can go when you’re ready.” Ginny turns to Monica. “Could you go up to the attic? We have a poltergeist up there, probably wondering where we’ve been, maybe you could tell him to find another place to haunt.”

“Ok Ginny.” Monica leaves the room and goes up to the attic.

“Really going to miss this place.” Harry said it to himself but Ginny thought he was asking a question.

"Of course, it's my childhood home; I hope I can move back when the War's over." Ginny gets off her bed and grabs the bottomless pouch Hermione had made her.

"There isn't a war going on Ginny it's just, I don't know, something." Harry didn't want to think of it as a war, wars were bloody, people died by the thousands in wars; Harry didn't want that to happen, especially since he blamed himself for Voldemort coming back.

"Ready?" Monica had come back down from talking to the poltergeist who decided to stay in the Weasley home.

"I am, you?" Harry looks at Ginny who nods. "Ok, the Portkey is in the kitchen." The group goes down to the kitchen and find the book missing. "Oh crap, get your wands out." Everyone does looking around waiting for the attack.

"Harry make another one quick!" Hermione was starting to panic which meant she was starting to forget spells, hexes, curses, like every other time she was in a panic. "Whoever is there come out!" Hermione fires a spell towards the door blasting it open scaring a Gnome.

"Calm down Hermione." Harry was in leader mode and was ready for a fight. "Devin take the door with Monica, Ginny and Hermione take the stairs, I'm going to the living room."

"Harry don't do anything dangerous." Hermione bites her bottom lip in worry.

"I won't." "It's not there." The voice had come back. "Where is it, and who took it?" Harry whispers it so his friends don't hear. "Those Gnomes sure are trouble makers aren't they?" "Thanks." Harry turns around from the living room and gets to the door Hermione had hit with a spell. "Everyone follow me." The group walk out of the Burrow slowly and find several Gnomes running around.

“What are you doing Harry? We shouldn’t be out in the open like this.” Hermione’s hand was shaking with nerves; she wouldn’t be able to hit the broadside of a Hippogriff let alone a Death Eater.

“Whichever one of you too the book please give it back or I’ll burn the whole garden.” Three Gnomes come out dragging the book. “Thank you, why did you do that?”

“Harry they’re Gnomes they can’t talk.” Ginny had dealt with them for years. “But they do look rather skinny.”

“They were probably starving; you haven’t worked on the garden for how long now?” Harry looks at the Gnomes. “I’m sorry we aren’t staying, you should find another garden or something, and we have to go.” Harry takes the book and holds it out for the others. “Come on before we’re seen.” The group touches the book and goes back to Harry’s house.

Less than a minute later four Death Eaters appear. “Ok the alarms were triggered they should be in the house.” The leader looks at the door seeing it had been blasted with a spell. “Probably had to break in.”

“But the doors are out here so it was hit from inside.” He may not have been the leader but he was the smartest of the group.

“Good point, ok, well, if they are in there burn the place down, if anyone comes out kill them.” The four Death Eaters get their wands out and set fire to the Burrow. “Nothing, I was hoping for some screaming, maybe someone to come out and beg for help, oh well.” The four apparate away leaving a pile of ash, the magical fires had burned hotter than any normal Muggle fire.

Back at Harry’s house they went into the Library to sort things out. “Well Ginny what do you want to keep here?” Monica holds her hand; Ginny had missed her home and was emotional with all the things from it in front of her.

“Some of the pictures, and my clothes, and, I’, sorry.” Ginny wipes a tear from her eye.

"It's ok Ginny; I need to check on something, I'll be right back." Harry leaves the Library and goes to his room. Opening his pouch he goes through until he finds what he is looking for and hides it under his bed. Going back Harry hears something smash against the wall.

"I hate him!" Ginny had thrown a picture of Ron. "Sorry Harry, I'll clean it up, I didn't mean to..."

"It's ok Ginny, Dobby," Crack, "Could you clean this up?"

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir." Dobby snaps his fingers and the picture, frame, and glass is back to normal. Crack, Dobby goes back to whatever it was he was doing.

"I could have done that." Harry picks the picture up, it looks fairly new, had to be from the summer before their 5th year, Harry puts the picture down feeling anger rise inside of him.

"Ginny what do you want us to do with your parent's things?" Hermione opens her pouch and pulls some things out.

"I don't know, I guess, I would put them in one bag, think Dumbledore will take the stuff to them?" Ginny picks the sweater Hermione had pulled out. "My Mom, she made this for Percy when he was younger, he never would wear it though." Ginny puts the sweater on top of the other things Hermione had pulled out.

"I don't know Ginny; I could ask him, write him anyways."

"No Harry, no Owls, why do you think Dumbledore sent the letters directly to us instead of sending Owls?" Hermione knew security had been tight before but now with a traitor in the Order it was air tight.

"Well how am I supposed to talk to Dumbledore?" Harry didn't like this, being cut off from Dumbledore; it wasn't good for him and his friends if someone ever attacked his house.

"I could send him a letter, I think, let me see something, I'll be right back." Hermione goes up to her room and comes back with a book. "I

think I know how to send a letter directly to Dumbledore but it is tricky.”

“Mione where did you get that?” Harry had never seen the book Hermione had, not in the Library at school or at any book store.

“Dumbledore gave it to me, from his private collection, you can read it if you want.” Hermione flips through the pages until she finds the right spell. “I don’t know if I can do this spell, it is, well Harry look.” Hermione shows him the page and he tries to read it but can’t, it isn’t in any language he knew of.

“Do you know what language this is?” Harry turns the page and finds the next spell is in English.

“It is protected Harry, Dumbledore didn’t want me attempting the spell, must be dangerous.” Extremely if Dumbledore put a confusing charm on it.

“Well take the spell off.” Harry hands the book back to Hermione.

“I don’t know how Harry, if it is a Confundus Spell anyone would be able to take it off so it must be something different, more powerful.” Hermione gets her wand out and taps the page, nothing.

“Let me try something Mione.” Harry gets the book back and takes his wand out. “Difido.” The words swirl on the page and get in line showing the spell in English. “Dumbledore knew you would think like that Mione but sometimes the easiest defense is one that people won’t consider. You didn’t think he would use something as simple as a Confundus Spell so you didn’t even try to take it off.”

“Give it back then.” Hermione a little miffed that Harry had figured it out reads the spell. “It’s still tricky, and if you do it wrong the letter could go to the wrong person.” Hermione bites her lower lip in worry; if a letter went to someone like a Death Eater it could spell trouble for them.

“Then do it right, what do we ask, just ‘What do we do with the Weasley’s things’?”

"I guess, let me get something to write on." Hermione goes and gets a piece of parchment and a quill. "That should do it, Harry do you want to send the letter?" Hermione did not want to mess this up; even if it was a simple letter anything coming from the house might be able to be tracked to it.

"You were always the best in our class." Harry had been doing better but that was with a large boost of power coming from the newly returned Voldemort and reading a lot when he was bored since he couldn't do his normal things, practice for Quidditch, and playing chess with Ron.

"Ok, Pastol Libre." The letter disappears. "Now we wait and see if Dumbledore got it." A minute later a letter appears in Hermione's lap.

Put everything Ginny does not want to keep in one bag and send it to me, I will make sure her parents and siblings get their items.

"It worked! Ok Ginny, we'll let you sort through and get what you want then help send the rest to Dumbledore." Ginny seemed to smile as she started going through the pictures telling Monica about each one.

"What's going on in here?" Penelope had heard something in the Library and finds all the teens in it.

"Oh we just helped Ginny get her things from home."

"And how did you get to her home?" Penelope crosses her arms staring at Hermione.

"Uh, Portkey." Hermione lowers her head, she hadn't told her parents, she didn't think to, they weren't gone long and it wasn't like they were going to a Death Eater's meeting.

"And when were you planning on telling me or your Father?"

"She's an adult she can go where she wants to." Devin of all people had stood up for Hermione. "So put that concern somewhere else, nothing happened, we're fine."

"You listen here mister..." Devin stood up and got in Penelope's face.

"You listen, I am an adult, Monica is an adult, Hermione is an adult, the only ones here who aren't over seventeen are Harry and Ginny and you aren't they're parents! You are living in Harry's house and he will be an adult soon so don't think you can tell us what to do!"

"Devin stop that!" Hermione gets between Devin and Penelope. "She's my Mother she's supposed to worry about me no matter how old I get, right Mom?" Hermione turns towards Penelope. "I didn't tell you because there wasn't any reason to, we went to Ginny's house and got her things, that's all." Hermione turns back to Devin. "You," She jabs a finger in his chest, "Don't yell at my Mother especially when she is right, I should have told her even if I am an adult." Devin goes around Hermione and Penelope and goes to his room.

"Wow, what was that about?" Monica couldn't remember a time that Devin had yelled at anyone, after the attack back at home he had always been careful to control his emotions.

"I don't know, maybe you should talk to him later, after all you are his sister." Ginny and the others, except for Penelope and Tom, knew that wasn't true but Monica treated Devin like her Brother.

"Later, I need to help you, when was this one taken?" Monica picks a picture up getting the story from Ginny.

After an hour of going through and picking what she wanted to keep Ginny had put everything else in a bottomless pouch. "Hermione if you could send it to Dumbledore, I don't want to risk doing the spell and messing it up." More than half her family's things were in that pouch, the Twin's unfinished tricks and treats, her Mother's sewing and knitting materials, her Father's many Muggle items, she didn't want them to be lost.

"Pastol Libre." Hermione had crossed her fingers hoping she wouldn't mess the spell up either. "I hope that worked because I'm too tired to do it again." The spell took almost as much energy as making a

Portkey and doing it twice in an hour had drained Hermione. They teens wait until a letter appears in Hermione's lap.

Thank you, I am glad you got around the spell to learn this one Hermione, your training has worked.

"No need to tell him I figured it out Mione." Harry takes the letter and puts it in his pocket. "I'm still a little tired from making that Portkey, I knew making complex Portkeys took more energy than regular Portkeys but I am really feeling out of it."

"I'll go with you Harry, we can take a nap." Monica and Ginny start to laugh getting stares from Hermione and Ginny.

"Oh so you two are really going to be alone in a bed and sleep? You might sleep after making yourselves even more tired." Monica sticks her tongue out at Hermione and Harry.

"Sure, that's always fun, right Harry?" Harry nods but really was tired. Hermione and Harry go to Harry's room since it was the closest and take a nap, holding on to each other.

Chapter 2: Club Attack

Harry was getting more and more excited with every passing day, in just three more days it would be July 31st, his Seventeenth birthday. "Harry what do you want for your birthday?" Hermione had been driving herself crazy trying to find a gift for Harry but couldn't think of anything. Finally after going through several catalogues she caved in and asked Harry.

"How about another invitation, like the one for Valentine's Day?" Harry wiggles his eyebrows at Hermione.

"No Harry I'm not doing that again, how about, hmmm..." She still can't think of anything.

"Well how about a date?"

"We can't leave the house Harry, if a Death Eater sees us it wouldn't be good, you know that." Hermione wishes they could go on a date, like before, but it was too dangerous now.

"Yes we can, we change our appearances, go somewhere Muggle, I can make a Fake ID for you and me if the place only lets adults in." Harry remembered the fun he had at the club Amelia worked at, dancing, drinking. It had been a good memory for Harry.

"I don't know Harry, it would be dangerous, and I don't know how we would get there." Hermione bites her lower lip thinking.

"Apparition, you can do it, I'll learn how to do it, soon. For now can't you take me with you?" Harry had read about 'ride along' Apparition, Hermione should be able to do it.

"I never tried it Harry..." It was hard enough to Apparate herself let alone taking Harry or anyone else.

"Then practice, you have three days, it will be your gift to me." Harry smiles at her thinking about where to go.

“Muggle money, we don’t have any, I doubt they’ll take our kind of money.” Hermione wasn’t sure if it was a good idea and was looking for an excuse to get out of it.

“Then I’ll have Dobby go to Gringotts and convert some of my money into Muggle Money.”

“It’s supposed to be my gift to you, not much of a gift if you pay for it, is it?”

“It’s ok Mione, it will be an early birthday gift for you, so we can get both our birthdays out of the way.” Harry leans over and kisses Hermione. “You know, I’ve been thinking of this place I saw before, when I was in the Muggle World.” But if Amelia was there, no, he would change his appearance so she wouldn’t recognize him. He could go to another club but it wouldn’t be one he was familiar with and he didn’t want to risk it.

“If that’s where you want to go for your birthday then we can go.” Hermione bites her lower lip in worry, if they were spotted someone might get hurt. “I saw something about ride along Apparitions, if I find that book I could take you along, but it would be easier if you could Apparate since I don’t know where we are going exactly.”

“Ok Mione, anything you want.”

Three days later, with lots of reading and training, the two teens, now both adults, were ready to head out. “I better tell my Mom and Dad we are leaving.” Hermione and Harry were in the backyard wearing Muggle clothing.

“Ok, and if they say anything remind them you are an adult, you are a woman, my woman.” Harry kisses Hermione on the mouth hard, he was in a great move, he had turned 17, he was an adult.

“Alright Harry don’t worry, wait for me.” Hermione goes back into the house, Harry counts to three, and then disappears from the backyard.

“Wow, place hasn’t changed, they still got the same guy out front.” Harry had landed in front of The Underground. “I don’t see any Death

Eaters, better get back.” “You want to see Amelia so badly to do this?” “Shut up, this isn’t about her, or Jim.” He wasn’t Harry’s son, Amelia thought he was but he wasn’t. Harry Apparates back to the backyard of his house.

“There you are Harry.” Hermione had come back from telling her parents her and Harry were going somewhere to find Harry was gone. “Where did you go?”

“I just wanted to make sure the place was safe.” Harry smiles at her, it was the truth. “Ready Mione?”

“Here is your potion.” Hermione had worked on two potions instead of ride along Apparition, Harry had learned so fast there was no need to. They both take a drink, Harry’s hair changes to red, his eyes to a bright Emerald green while Hermione’s hair turns blonde and her eyes blue. “Wow, you look good for a red head.”

“You look great for a blonde.” Looking at Hermione she did change a lot, she had straightened her hair, fixed it so it didn’t look like her usual hair. If someone like Wormtail was at The Underground she might be recognized but other than that she would be safe.

“Make your hair longer, your scar is showing.” Harry squeezes his eyes and concentrates on making his hair longer. He still could like before but without the extra energy he had gotten from Voldemort it took more concentration. “There you go, ok, where are we going? You have to describe it well enough for me to Apparate there.”

“No need, take my hand.” Harry was about to surprise Hermione. “One, Two, Three...” Crack

“Wow, how did you do that?” They had landed in an alley near The Underground. “You only had three days.”

“I did something so I could learn faster.” Harry had found a way to open up the connection to Voldemort, just like Voldemort could to him. He couldn’t control or see what Voldemort was doing like what Voldemort could do but it was enough. “Good job boy I knew you

could do it.” The voice had been the first to tell Harry to do it, why Harry didn’t know, but it had never hurt him before.

“So where is this club? Do we need a Muggle ID to get in?” Harry takes something out and hands it to Hermione. “Hermione Potter? I don’t weigh that much!” She punches Harry in the arm laughing, the ID looked real, and she liked the Potter at the end of her name.

“Yeah and you aren’t 21 either but I fudged it a little.” Harry leads Hermione to The Underground. “Hello, is it still 20 pounds cover charge?”

“What? Where’s your ID kid?” Harry hands his over. “Just turned 21? Your Missy taking you out? Just go up to Amelia at the front desk.” The large black man holds the door open for Harry and Hermione.

“Wow he didn’t even ask me for my ID.” Hermione not paying attention runs into Harry. “What’s wrong Harry?”

“I, it’s nothing.” Harry had seen Amelia at the front desk, she looked nothing like she did before. She had gained weight, her face looked twenty years older than she was, nothing like the fun loving woman he had known. “Here you go Ma’am.” Harry hands 40 Pounds over then goes into the club.

“Wait, Amelia, which was the name of the Muggle girl you were with wasn’t it?” Hermione turns back around looking at Amelia, she looked terrible, Hermione would have thought Amelia would have looked like a model or something, not a forty year old hag.

“Yes, she must have let herself go after Jim.” Harry and Hermione stand there watching Amelia, Harry looking at someone he had once been intimate with, Hermione looking at someone she had nearly lost Harry to, as she knew it. The phone rings and Amelia picks it up.

“What Mom? Again? Look I have to work here tonight, I need the money, then get more! I don’t care Mom I missed last night and since I’ve been working at the front desk I haven’t been making as good of tips as I use to. Well make Jim shut up then if he’s crying!” Amelia slams the phone down on the receiver.

"Wow, Harry if you want to say anything to her I won't stop you." Hermione squeezes his arm in comfort.

"No, I screwed up her life enough, even if he isn't mine." Harry turns around and walks up to the bar with Hermione following him. He had been hoping to have fun tonight, hoped Amelia had quit or something, but now wanted to forget. "What's your strongest stuff?"

"Kid if you want something strong you better be ready for the consequences." The female bartender turns around and takes a bottle off a shelf. "This is guaranteed to burn a hole in your stomach."

"Harry don't you want to dance first?" Hermione wasn't a drinker, except for wine on the holidays.

"Harry? Hey I thought you looked familiar!" The woman puts a hand on Harry's chin and looks into his eyes. "You got contacts in but you can't change the shape that's for sure." She then raises her hand and moves Harry's bangs out of the way to see the scar.

"Let go of him." Hermione puts a hand on the woman's wrist.

"Hey Missy you his newest victim?" The woman looks Hermione over. "He already ruined one life you better get away before he ruins yours." The woman takes a phone out from behind the counter and hits two numbers. "Hey Amelia you'll never guess who is sitting in front of me! No not the Prime Minister, Harry, I can tell those eyes from anywhere, and that scar." The woman hangs up as Amelia bursts into the club from the front desk.

"You dare show up here with another woman after what you did to me!" Amelia was not happy to see Harry to say the least. "You freak! You know he's a freak right girl? Or did he trick you like he tricked me, spreading his Satan spawn in me!"

"Listen Amelia Jim isn't mine..."

“You know his name! How do you know his name!” Amelia reaches back with her right arm ready to smack Harry when Hermione grabs her arm.

“Stop it Amelia! Harry isn’t a freak, Jim isn’t yours, get over it!”

“Hermione stay out of this, let her yell, she has every right to.” Hermione doesn’t let go.

“Hermione? Wait, that was the girl’s name...” Amelia strikes out with her left hand and hits Hermione. “You’re a monster just like him!”

“Whoa Amelia you can’t be hitting the customers.”

“They aren’t customers, they aren’t old enough to drink.” Amelia pulls her arm away from Hermione. “He was only 15 when he tricked me, he can’t be much older then 17 now, Robert!” Amelia yells loud enough for the large black man out front to hear. He comes into the club to see what the problem was.

“What it be Amelia?”

“These two are minors! They must have used their freak powers to trick you!”

“Amelia calm down, I saw the IDs, they were real, they even had the...”

“They are not! He’s a demon! He can do magic, I’ve seen him do it, and she’s one of them!” Amelia was shrieking, making other people in the club look over at what was going on.

“Now Amelia you can’t be saying stuff like that, they paid to get in, they have every right to be hear.” Robert turns to Harry and Hermione. “I’m sorry about this, have a drink on the house.”

“No!” Amelia grabs a glass off the bar counter and throws it at Harry who puts his hands up, and without thinking about it, does magic. The glass is frozen in mid air, it just hangs there, nothing holding it up. “See! Freaks, demons, monsters!”

"Now there has to be an explanation for this." Robert grabs the glass and finds it won't move. Before anyone can say anything else a red flash strikes Robert.

"Missed, oh well, Firis Boul!" Another red flash comes out of the wand headed towards Harry. He reaches to his side, his wand wasn't there, he had it strapped to his leg so it wouldn't be in the way that night. He ducks out of the way of the spell and it hits a shelf behind him hitting several bottles of liquor, two of them bursting into flames.

"Expelliarmus!" Hermione had her wand out and hits the man with the other wand. "Harry we have to get out of here!" She grabs his wrist and starts to pull him away when someone jumps on his back.

"No! No! No!" Amelia was punching Harry before Hermione could get him away. "You freak! You won't get away from me, that bastard child of yours is a freak just like you!"

"Stupefy!" Hermione hits Amelia with the spell knocking her off of Harry. "Come on Harry!" Hermione helps Harry back up and they run out of The Underground.

"How the hell did they know we would be there?" It was a Muggle place, why would a Death Eater be there. It had to be a Death Eater, no other Wizard would attack Harry Potter. "It's the only Muggle place I know about."

"That's it Harry, they must have known about it, from your first time." Hermione looks around to make sure no one was following them. "Come on Harry we have to get out of here." She starts to concentrate, waits for the feeling, the noise of Apparition, and finds she can't. "He must have put a guard on the area, we can't Apparate."

"Follow me Hermione I know where to go." Harry goes through a couple alleys with Hermione following. Coming out onto a street Harry looks around, he was lost, or he just couldn't remember from before. "Voice?" No response.

“Harry what do we do?” Hermione had no idea where she was either, she had spent little time in Paris.

“I don’t know.” He was lost, both directionally and mentally. He didn’t know what to do, he had put Hermione in danger and Robert had been hit by a spell, was he dead? Harry and Hermione turn around when they hear screams coming from where they had just come from. There was the orange glow of a fire, screams of people running from it filled the air. “We have to help them Mione.” Harry runs back towards the Underground with Hermione running after him.

“What can we do!”

“I don’t know, wait, I do know!” Harry kneels down and pulls his pant leg up and takes his wand out. “Reducio!” Nothing happened.

“Harry that spell only shrinks solid objects, try this, Deltrui Areis!” A Wind comes from nowhere, blowing hard, the fire seems to be blown out when an explosion comes from the basement as the fire had reached the liquor. “We need a flood, I know how to make water but not a flood.”

“Well, what’s the water spell?” If Harry opened the channel to Voldemort he could make it more.

“Aquois Bata.” A liter of water spills out from Hermione’s wand. “See, it isn’t enough, I tried to make it bigger and that’s all I got.” Harry concentrates, opens up the connection to Voldemort, feels the energy flowing into him.

“Aquois Bata!” The water sprays from Harry’s wand like it was shot out of a cannon. A huge ball of water flies towards the burning club and lands, splashing what was left of the building, putting out most of the fire. “It worked.” Suddenly seven Death Eaters Apparate around Harry and Hermione.

“Right where he said they would be.” They have their wands out. “Don’t move, the Dark Lord would like to see you.”

"I'm sorry but I can't allow that, Hermione duck." Harry still had the connection open, still had Voldemort's power inside of him, and strikes all seven Death Eaters down with a single spell. He had used it in his fifth year and it worked just as effectively as it did then. "Dibol Pyris!" The seven Death Eaters burst into flame, or so they think. "Run!" Hermione and Harry run away as the Death Eaters try to put out the fire. Harry and Hermione run into a store as the Death Eaters realize they had been tricked.

"Hermione hide in the back."

"No way Harry, how did they know we had gone back?" Somehow the Death Eaters knew where they were.

"I, no way." Harry closes his eyes and concentrates on closing the connection to Voldemort and does. "Let's see if they find us now."

The two teens wait in the produce aisle of the store for nearly an hour when Harry sticks his neck out around the corner and looks out the glass door in the front. "I don't see anyone, we better get going Mione." Harry cautiously walks towards the entrance with his wand out. "We can go around and Apparate back home." Harry holds the door open for Hermione and they quickly head to the back of the building.

"It's not working!" They still couldn't Apparate. "I don't get it, they could Apparate in but we can't Apparate out, why?"

"They might of opened it long enough to Apparate in, or a spell was put on us so we can't Apparate." It was the best Harry could come up with. "If we get a Taxi we might be able to get back soon." He still had a lot of Muggle money, he was going to be spending it on a night on the town but not now.

"Do you know the address?" Harry shakes his head. "Then we can't take a Taxi can we? We need to think of something."

"But what? If we can't Apparate and we don't know what the address is we are lost."

“The Ministry is in Paris, if we found it we could find someone from the Order and get back.”

“Yes, and our luck will be that we find the traitor in the Order and they take us to Voldemort.” Harry and Hermione start to walk towards the main part of Paris. The Ministry was the only place they knew how to get to.

After walking through Paris they found a building that looked familiar. “You would never know this was the Ministry.” The Magic shielding on the Ministry made any Muggle see an abandoned building. They walk into the building and aren’t sure if they walked in the right place.

“Name, Rank, Position, Code.” There were two large wizards guarding another door that wasn’t there before.

“Uh, we’re lost, we were looking for a friend.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m Harry Potter, see?” Harry concentrates his eyes and makes his hair grow back to normal so his scar is exposed.

“No you’re not, he has Black hair and blue eyes.”

“It’s a spell, this is Hermione Granger, we’re looking for Mr. Weasley, Arthur Weasley.” Harry was an adult, he could call Arthur by his name now.

“Muggle Affairs is closed.” The two wizards just stared at Harry and Hermione, not blinking.

“Well, uh, can you get an owl to Dumbledore then?” They don’t move. “Come on I’m Harry Potter! Where’s the Minister?” They don’t move. “Mione we are going to have a big problem if we can’t even get past these two.”

“Our hair and eyes won’t change back for another three or four hours, we have to find someplace to stay until then.” Hermione and Harry

walk out of the Ministry entrance. “Well we have some money where do we go?”

“We have as much as we need, I can duplicate it if we need to.” That was when he was connected to Voldemort and didn’t even know it. Now he could connect at will but it seemed to give Voldemort his exact position.

“Harry that is against the Muggle Code Section...”

“I don’t care Mione I’ve done it before and I’ll do it again.” Harry had no reason to care for Wizard Laws, they had kept Sirius Black in jail for years. They had kept him from fighting Voldemort and the Death Eaters when he was younger. Laws were for the good guys, bad guys didn’t follow them and he wouldn’t either if that was what it took.

“Well if we can find a hotel we can stay there until tomorrow when Arthur gets to work.”

“Hotel? Hmmm, we can have a lot of fun there, make up for some of the lost time.” Harry gives Hermione a kiss smiling at her. “This is still my Birthday isn’t it?”

“It sure is Harry. We have to find a hotel first, a cheap one so you don’t do anything illegal.” Hermione and Harry find a hotel near the Ministry and stay there for the night.

Chapter 3: Worried

Hermione and Harry get up early if not willingly. They had been up late celebrating Harry's birthday but needed to get to the Ministry entrance before Arthur got there. "Come on Mione you can take a shower when we get back home."

"I just want to wash my hair and..." Harry opens the door.

"Now Mione. Our hair and eyes are back to normal so we have to move as quickly as possible incase there is a Death Eater watching the entrance." Hermione turns the faucet on and puts her head under it getting it wet. "Why do you do that? Your hair isn't that dirty."

"It isn't about being dirty Harry." Hermione continues washing her hair. "Ok, just let me do a drying spell and I'm done." Hermione gets her wand and dries her hair. "Now I'm ready Harry." She smiles at Harry and flips her hair over her shoulder. "See? Much better."

"You don't look any different from twenty minutes ago. You're still the same beautiful Hermione." Hermione laughs and takes Harry's hand in hers as they head to the entrance for the Ministry.

"Do you want to wait out here or in there?" Hermione didn't want to deal with the guards again but it would be dangerous to stand outside where anyone could see them.

"In there, it's safer even if the guards are annoying." Harry and Hermione walk into the Ministry entrance and find two new guards.

"Halt, Name, ID, Branch." Both guards stick their hand out and say the same thing.

"Uh, I'm Harry Potter, I don't have an ID. I'm just waiting for Arthur Weasley." The guards look at each other then back at Harry.

"Harold James Potter, you and Hermione Jane Granger are to come with us." The guards turn around and tap the door, it opens. Walking inside they see two guards on the other side. "The two we were waiting for have arrived. Take your place." The two other guards go to

the other side and stand guard at the entrance as the other two guards lead Harry and Hermione through the Ministry.

“Where do you think we’re going?” Hermione looks around the Ministry. It was busy with wizards and witches running in and out of different offices.

“Home I hope.” Harry just wanted to talk to Arthur and find a way to take the Apparition block off. “Um, I was wondering, where are we going?”

“Office of Apparition and Transportation.” Hermione grabs Harry’s wrist.

“You don’t have a license.” They were in trouble. Harry had illegally Apparated and could face fines, even a three month imprisonment.

“I know Mione. But you have your license so you don’t have to worry.”

“But I helped you violate the law. I’m as responsible as you are.” Hermione was an adult, they both were, and that meant adult punishments.

“Package is here.” Hermione looks up as they get to the door to the Office of Apparition and Transportation. The door opens as Harry and Hermione are ushered inside.

“Ah you two gave us quite the scare last night.” It was someone they had never seen before. “Sit down please.” Two chairs move up and makes the two sit down.

“I’m sorry Sir, we were...”

“Don’t be sorry we realize it was your birthday last night. Everyone in the wizard community knew that.” This confuses both Harry and Hermione, they had broken a law and yet this person seemed not to care. “You are an adult now but that does mean you should know the law.” There it was.

"I'm sorry Sir, please I take all responsibility." Harry didn't want Hermione to get in trouble. "I'll pay whatever fines and penalties there are without protest. I do know the law and won't try to get out of my punishment."

"Very good but there is more than that. Why didn't you Apparate home? We got an Owl from Arthur Weasley that you had left your home and did not return."

"We came here last night when we couldn't get home but the guards stopped us." Harry looks at the desk, then the walls and sees an award to a Colby Steagle. "Mr. Steagle we tried but we couldn't so we stayed at a hotel near here so we could come here as early as possible."

"Really? Hmmm, well then the question is why couldn't you Apparate home? We know you both can even if one of you does it without a license."

"We couldn't! We tried but after the Death Eaters attacked we tried and..." The man behind the desk stops Harry from saying anything else.

"Death Eater attack? When, where, we had no reports of Death Eater activity last night." The man shuffles through papers looking for a memo on a Death Eater attack. "No report was sent out. How did you get away?"

"Oh we took care of it." The man stares at Harry then starts to laugh. Harry looks around him seeing what was so funny.

"Boy you say that so calmly like it was an everyday thing! No wonder Albus likes you so much." The man gets a piece of parchment out. "I just need you to sign this and we can get you your license."

"What?" Harry looks at the parchment and reads it while the man explains.

"We'll just say you were practicing and did far better than expected. When a person first tries Apparition we don't penalize them for

succeeding we give them a license. Albus is making sure you don't get any Blooter's Blood on you." Harry stares at him confused.

"Harry, it's a saying, common in the 1940's." The man lets out a chuckle.

"Showing my age am I? Alright come with me and we'll see about getting your license." Harry hands the parchment to the man.

"But why can't we Apparate now?" That was Harry's new concern now that Hermione wasn't going to get in trouble.

"A powerful spell but it should have no effect in here. Used in the 1700's to keep wizards and witches from using Apparition in Muggle areas. A magical place like this however should null the effect of any spell." The man leads Harry and Hermione through the Office of Apparition and Transportation getting to another room.

"I never had to do this." Hermione looks around the room. There are eight circles all different colors.

"Hermione Granger you were able to get special testing by Albus due to your circumstances. But as Harry is here we can do this properly." The door to the room closes and the rings start to glow. "Harry, you are to enter the circles as they light up. The quicker you are the better but if you enter the wrong circle you get an automatic failure. Not even your fame or Albus can stop that and you will have to wait two weeks to take this test again."

"That's it?" Harry looks at the different circles and the red one glows. Harry concentrates and lands inside of it. "Easy, can't believe some people fail this."

"Oh you have the new test. We can't do the old ones with all the troubles going on." A blue circle glow and Harry Apparates to it immediately. "It will get harder and faster but keep up the good work."

"No problem." An orange circle glows and Harry lands in it. Before he can say anything about how 'easy' it was the light goes out. "Hey, what the heck is going on?"

"The test, please pay attention." A yellow circle was glowing and Harry Apparates to it. Harry continues following the glowing circles and Apparating inside of them for several minutes.

"Keep it up Harry." Hermione watches Harry as Harry is close to completing the test. "Watch out Harry!" A fireball shoots out of the wall, distracting Harry who ducks. The fireball flies over but turns in mid air and goes after Harry.

"Ah yes the hardest part of the test. Apparition while under pressure." Harry keeps up the test becoming worn out from using so much power. He is tempted to open up his connection to Voldemort. No way could he get inside the Ministry. "Just five more minutes and you'll be done."

"Come on." Harry concentrates on the Apparition and opens the connection to Voldemort just a little bit. "This is still easy." Harry acts cocky as he completes the test.

"Very good Harry I had no doubt in your abilities."

"Good job Harry!" Hermione hugs him and kisses him on the lips. "Your tests were a lot easier then mine though." She sticks her tongue out at Harry before laughing at Harry.

"You just have to be the best don't you?" Harry laughs with Hermione as they leave the room. Walking towards Mr. Steagle's office they hear screaming.

"What's going on out there? This isn't a party this is a place of business!" The man opens the door then slams it shut. "Harry get out of here! Both of you, now!"

"Why?" Hermione looks at Harry. "We have to help but you must be tired from the test. You go home and I'll stay to help."

"No way Hermione." Harry hears more screaming and realizes what is going on. He was still connected to Voldemort who had sent his Death Eaters to attack the Ministry itself. Harry opens the connection

more getting as much energy as he could before closing it off. "Let's roll." Harry goes towards the door but Mr. Steagle stops him.

"There is no way I am going to let go through that door Harry!" He grasps Harry by the shoulder. "You are to go home, as the..."

"I don't care what you say Mr. Steagle I can handle these Death Eaters." Harry is able to break Mr. Steagle's grip and opens the door. "Hey, it's me you want, leave the others alone!" Several wizards and witches in Death Eater masks turns towards Harry.

"There he is! Get him!"

"Harry get away from there!" Hermione pushes Mr. Steagle out of the way to get Harry but Harry walks into the main lobby of the Ministry.

"You want some come get some!" Harry knew it sounded cheesy but he was boosted with power, his cockiness and arrogance making him feel bigger and stronger than what he really was. "Diffindo!" The spell hits a Death Eater in the face cutting the mask in half and making the Death Eater bleed.

"You'll pay for that Harry Potter! Crucio!" The spell hits Harry but does nothing. "What? No one could throw it off that quickly!" Harry had Voldemort's power inside of him making him strong enough to be unaffected.

"Nice try, Stupefy!" Harry's spell hits the Death Eater knocking him backwards. "Anyone else want to try me?"

"Harry get back here!" Hermione leaves the safety of the office.

"No Hermione you stay in there! I'm more than enough for these ingrates." Harry turns back to the Death Eaters, the power he leeches from Voldemort rising inside of him. "How about I try something more fun? Firis Boul!" Harry sends a fireball at a Death Eater who blocks it. The fireball explodes catching some parchment on fire. "Firis Boul!" Harry fires another fireball hitting a Death Eater.

"This isn't how it was supposed to go!" The Death Eaters were panicking, they were supposed to go in and grab Harry then Apparate out of there. Now a Seventeen year old had stopped them long enough for the Ministry to respond.

"Halt!" Several Aurors break through the front gate and start letting loose curses and spells.

"I don't need your help!" Harry still had Voldemort's power, and arrogance, burning inside of him. "Firis Boul! Firis Boul! No, even better, Aquis Olo!" A stream of water comes out of his wand forming into a Water Drake. "Get them!" The Water Drake lets out a roar and starts to thrash the Death Eater. "Yes! More! I want more enemies!" Harry's hair charges with energy, his eyes start to glow. His veins start to show and his skin becomes pale.

"Harry!" Hermione runs out of the door and hugs Harry from behind. "Stop it you're not acting like yourself!" Harry's hair falls, his eyes stop glowing. The power, and arrogance, comes under control. The Death Eaters still standing Apparate away.

"Mione, my head hurts." Harry loses his concentration and the Water Drake collapses into a puddle of regular water.

"Harry, how did you do that?" To create an Elemental Drake was magic so advanced it wasn't even taught at Hogwarts.

"I, I had the power then." Harry's head throbs. He rubs his temples trying to rub the pain away. "I didn't mean to hurt anyone." Harry looks at a Death Eater badly burnt but still breathing. "Even if they deserved it."

"Don't worry Harry you probably saved the Ministry." Hermione, in concern for Harry, helps him back to the Office of Apparition and Transportation. "Mr. Steagle do you have anything for him?"

"I believe I do." Mr. Steagle waves his wand a large wooden box appears. "Take this Harry and it will clear that headache up. Mighty good show Harry, no wonder you considered your Death Eater attack last night to be a minimal inconvenience." Mr. Steagle waves his

wand and the wooden box shrinks and disappears. "I'll settle things for you. I'll have your Apparition License sent to you by Albus himself. You two need to get out of here." Hermione nods and takes Harry towards the door.

"Are you able to Apparate home?" Hermione looks at Harry noticing he is still wincing from the pain coming from his headache.

"Yes Hermione, let's go home." The two Apparate out of the Ministry that was cleaning up after the Death Eater attack. The Aurors round up the Death Eaters left behind for interrogation. The Daily Prophet would have no information of Harry's involvement, it was the least Mr. Steagle, a friend of Albus Dumbledore, could do for one of his friends students.

Harry and Hermione land in the backyard of Harry's house. "Finally, my parents are probably going insane with worry." Hermione and Harry go into the house to find the Granger's, Devin, Monica, and Ginny sitting around the dining table.

"Alright Potter! Just getting home, must have had a great time last night!" Monica is the first to see them and pumps her fist in the air.

"It was nothing like that!" Hermione's face turns red as her parents turned around and stared at her. "We couldn't make it back last night."

"And why didn't you call us Missy?" Her father gets out of his chair relieved his daughter was ok but then his parental instinct took over.

"Dad, we don't have a phone." Hermione looks at her mom then back at her dad. "I didn't mean to be out so late but it was outside of our control."

"How? You can use magic. Heck you just appeared in the backyard didn't you?" Penelope crosses her arms waiting for an answer.

"So can the Death Eaters." Harry says this not thinking about it. He was a little ticked at Hermione's parents being mad about them being

out all night. They were now both adults and could do what they wanted, so he thought.

“Death Eaters? You two were attacked!” Devin looks at their auras and sees something is wrong with Harry’s. “How did you get away? Were you on the run all night?”

“No, we lost them but couldn’t Apparate home last night because they put a spell on the area. We had to go to the Ministry to get home.” Hermione did not want to mention the attack on the Ministry. As far as she knew no one was killed but wasn’t positive. Ginny’s dad still worked at the Ministry and might have been hurt.

“Oh I’m so glad you’re ok Honey.” Penelope hugs Hermione. “You to Harry. What a way to spend your birthday.”

“We still had fun.” Harry’s smile gets a stare from Hermione’s parents but the three teens start cheering and whistling. “Hey that’s not what I meant! I got to kick some Death Eaters out of the Ministry all by myself.” Hermione shakes her head at Harry’s comment.

“The Ministry was attacked?” Ginny stopped cheering the second she heard ‘attack’ and ‘Ministry’ in the same sentence.

“Don’t worry no one was hurt unless they were a Death Eater.” Harry chuckles a little feeling the power and arrogance rise in him. “I don’t even think Arthur was in yet anyways.”

“That was very dangerous!” And brave, not that Tom would say that to Harry’s face. “You could have been hurt or worse! Isn’t the Ministry supposed to be protecting you kids?”

“They are and they did. The Death Eaters used a surprise attack. I had just gotten done taking my Apparition test when they attacked.” Harry smiles feeling good about passing the test and defending the Ministry against the attack. Voldemort may have been evil but his power made Harry feel great.

"I'm sure Harry's tired after using so much magic so I'm going to take him to his room so he can take a nap." Hermione holds Harry's hand and starts to lead him to her room when he stops her.

"Mione I'm sure you're hungry. We can get something to eat and take it to your room ok?" Harry was starving but didn't want to be rude. They get a dish and pile eggs and bacon and toast on it.

"They are a little cold. I can heat them up when we get to my room." Hermione and Harry go up to her room glad to be back home. After a wild night of fighting Muggles, Death Eaters, and celebrating his birthday they saw the large comfy bed as paradise. The bed in the hotel room wasn't that bad but they didn't spend much time sleeping and so with food in their stomach sleep was heaven.

"Monica, Ginny, come here." Devin leads the girls to the Library. "Something is wrong with Harry. I'm worried about him and Hermione."

"Why? They seemed fine to me." Ginny looks at Monica. "Did you see anything wrong with them?"

"She wouldn't have. I don't think it involves ghosts or possessions. Harry had a black inner lining to his aura. It was small but it was there." Black meant evil, something Harry wasn't. "What if it isn't Harry?"

"It has to be him. How else would he know about this place? Dumbledore surely wouldn't have made it that easy to get in here." Ginny bites down on a fingernail in concern. "Maybe it was because of the Death Eaters, he did fight them."

"Evil can rub off but it would be on the outside of his aura." Devin sits down in a chair. "We can wait for him to wake up and see if the aura is still there. Maybe he did something evil when fighting the Death Eaters."

"You think he might have killed one? But Devin, he's, Harry is only seventeen. And if Harry did kill one do you think he did it on purpose."

Monica did not feel or see any ghosts following Harry. Ghost usually followed the person who killed them if they could to haunt the person.

"I don't know. Wait for him to wake up and I'll see if it is still in his aura." Devin concentrates on Hermione's room feeling the emotions coming from there. "They are sleeping. The evil seems to be coming off though." Devin sighs and sinks into the chair.

"Devin you shouldn't soy like that. What if they weren't sleeping?" Monica laughs as does Ginny. When Devin sees the look on Devin's face she stops. "Pervert."

"It's not my fault! Do you know how hard it is to block out all the emotions in this house? It is bad enough with you and the Granger's." He had spent hours meditating at night when he was supposed to be sleeping. Love was a powerful emotion that was hard to block out. "While they are sleeping can I get a nap or will you two run off and do your thing?"

"I'll be nice to you Devin, just this once." Monica kisses him on the cheek and leaves the library with Ginny to go to the backyard.

A couple of hours later Harry and Hermione wake up in each other arms. "Harry, you're on my arm." Harry rolls off of it and Hermione rubs it with her hand. "It's still numb."

"Sorry about that Mione." Harry kisses her on the lips. "I had a great dream and an even better wake up."

"Sweet talker." Hermione kisses Harry. "I need a shower. I got to wash my hair but the rest of me is still dirty. Care to join me?"

"Love to Mione." They get out of bed and take a shower.

After showering and getting dressed they go downstairs and run into the other teens. "What's going on?"

"Just making sure." Devin studies Harry and finds no black in his aura. "So, when do we get our letters? And are we going to Diagon Alley to get our school supplies?"

"I don't know, Mione, when should we get our stuff?"

"I don't think its safe Devin. Maybe we could send Dobby into Diagon Alley and get our things."

"Yeah and wind up with ugly clothes that don't fit Hermione." Monica looks down at herself. "He'd probably come back with something purple or pea green. Colors that are totally wrong for me."

"I'm sure we could return anything you don't like Monica. I remember when we would go to Colbert Mall and you would spend hours deciding what shoes to get." Devin and Monica laugh a little.

"If your feet aren't happy you're not happy."

"We still need to wait for our lists. Although we could get clothes ahead of time. Diagon Alley gets so busy when the lists are sent out." Ginny didn't have money on her though and would be stuck with her old things.

"Not anymore. Last time we were there Diagon Alley was abandoned. I think that makes it even more dangerous since it is so easy to pick a person out since there is no one else there." Last time Harry had been there he and Hermione had been attacked and sent into the past. "I'll just send Dobby, I'm sure it would make his day." Crack

"You call Mister Harry Potter Sir?" Dobby had 'felt' his name being said and Apparates to Harry.

"Oh uh, in a week or two we will need to get our school supplies and clothes. Could you go into Diagon Alley for us when we get our lists?"

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir."

"Dobby." Dobby turns to Monica. "What color do you think I would look good in?" Monica poses for Dobby.

"A purple with green stripes would look fabulous on you Miss Stark."

"I told you!" Monica laughs confusing Dobby. "Dobby I want to talk to you so you know what I like. Is that ok Harry?"

"Sure Monica, no problem." Harry didn't care, clothes were clothes. Although he did like dark blue and greens he didn't really care what Dobby got. Unless it was pink. "Dobby thank you but you can go do whatever it is you do on your down time."

"More knitting!" Crack.

"Knitting? Think maybe we should get him a girlfriend or something?" Monica raises her eyebrow and looks at Harry. "You and the rest should talk to Dobby to. He might come back with a big pink robe for you and a bright orange robe for Hermione." Monica chuckles imagining Harry and Hermione in those colors.

"Oh Monica you are always thinking of others." Ginny's joke gets the rest to laugh.

"Of course. You're my friends and if you look like idiots then I'll look like an idiot no matter how fashionable I am."

"Well, I guess we wait for our letters." Hermione looks out the window wondering when they were coming. "I wonder who will be Head Girl and Head Boy." The group laughs except for Hermione. "What?"

"Gee who is the best witch in our grade? Who is probably the best witch in our entire school?" Hermione's blank face shows she doesn't get it. "You of course! And Harry's probably the Head Boy."

"Me? My grades aren't anywhere near good enough to be Head Boy." Hermione nudges him.

"Harry it isn't all about grades. I don't think Dumbledore could choose anyone but you though. The Head Boy isn't who has the highest grade but who would be best for the position. You've fought for the school, saved it multiple times, who better then you Harry?" Hermione wraps her arms around Harry's neck. "Right?"

“I guess.” Fought against a teacher his first year, a Basilisk his second, a hundred Dementors his third year, Voldemort himself his fourth year, dozens of Death Eaters including Ron his fifth year, and again against Voldemort his sixth year. His grades may not have been perfect but he was a brave person who fought for others. “Who wants to go play some Quidditch out back?”

“I do!” The teens get their brooms while Hermione and her parents watch the boys against the girls in a simplified game of Quidditch.

Chapter 4: School's Not Out Forever

The day before they were to leave for school Hermione was making sure everyone was packed and ready to go. "Mione we could do this in the morning." Harry had everything already packed because Hermione made him pack his things. His room was almost bare.

"No Harry if we leave it until then you might forget something. This way we can sleep in from a long night." Hermione kisses Harry.

"A very long night." Harry kisses her back. "The Head Girl and Head boy..."

"Don't you say it Harry." Hermione had been so happy when she got her Head Girl badge but Harry had lots of jokes about it. "Are you sure you have everything packed?"

"Yes Mione you made sure of that. Are you sure you have everything packed?"

"I've been packed for the past week. You know what I realized?" Harry shakes his head. "I haven't used an electrical item all summer." Harry stares. "Well usually I would go to my parents' house over the summer and have a T.V. or a radio or something. But last year and this year I don't think I used anything electrical."

"I never thought of that." Harry tries to think of the last time he used an electrical appliance. "Probably when I was at Amelia's."

"Oh so you did more then shag?" Hermione elbows Harry. "Sorry." Harry bends over and cries out in pain. "I didn't hit you that hard." Hermione thinks Harry is kidding but he doesn't stop. "Harry?"

"Get back." Harry holds his stomach. "Voldemort, leave me alone!"

"Harry!" When Hermione hears Harry say Voldemort she starts to panic.

"Kill me." Harry reaches out for Hermione who backs away.

"I don't think so Voldemort." Hermione wasn't sure what Voldemort was up to. Did he really think she would just go and kill Harry after he asked her to? "Leave Harry alone, no one in this house is afraid of you."

"He hates you, because of you Ron turned on him, your fault."

"Voldemort, go, away." Hermione turns her back on Harry. "If this is the best you have then you really need to learn something new." Hermione gets her wand out just incase Voldemort tries to attack.

"I am Lord Voldemort!" Harry grabs his wand. "You mud blood filth will cower before me!"

"Last time I checked your mother was a Muggle."

"Shut up!" Harry starts to wave his wand when Hermione hits him with a spell of her own.

"Expelliarmus!" Harry falls backwards and the wand falls from his hand. "You will lose Voldemort, I know it, Harry knows it, and Dumbledore knows it." Hermione had no fear of Voldemort anymore. She had seen him face to face at the end of the school year and saw no reason to fear him. Harry shakes for a minute then stops. When his eyes open he sees Hermione leaning over him.

"Mione, what happened?" Harry is helped up by Hermione.

"Voldemort attacked you." Hermione hugs Harry. "You're ok now. I, I wasn't scared of him."

"You shouldn't be." Harry hugs Hermione back then kisses her. "Mione maybe we shouldn't, you know, tonight. Voldemort could be watching."

"Do you feel him?"

"No but he could be Mione you don't know, I don't know." Harry was scared a little. It came on so suddenly there was no warning. What if it happened during a Quidditch match? Or during his N.E.W.T.S.

coming up? Or the worse if it happened while he and Hermione were making love? Harry shudders to think what Voldemort would do then. There is a knock at the door and the two teens break the hug. Even though they were both adults now in the wizard community the Granger's did not want the two to even be alone in a bedroom. "Come in." The door opens and they see Devin.

"I, I felt, I felt something." He had ran from the back yard to Harry's room. "Vol, Voldemort, I swear I felt Voldemort."

"Um, Devin, be quiet." Devin gets the message. Harry wasn't telling him to shut up he was telling Devin to be quiet about what he felt. "What's going on?"

"My sister and Ginny wanted to play a game of Quidditch but I didn't think you'd want to be distracted so we were playing catch."

"Where are my parents?"

"Watching. They're fascinated by the flying on brooms." Devin smiles at Hermione. "Um, I'll leave you be."

"No we'll come out. Maybe we could give Mione's parents a good show." Harry goes to his trunk and gets his broom out. They go into the backyard and play a small game of Quidditch. Harry and Hermione are able to forget what had happened. Harry was glad to hear Hermione wasn't afraid of Voldemort but to tell the truth he was. But now, flying through the air he felt incredible like always.

After dinner Hermione and Harry go to her room. Hermione was sure her parents knew what her and Harry had been doing but they weren't going to say anything, anymore. She was an adult and so was Harry. Her parents might not like it but Hermione was growing up. Hermione and Harry spend the night with each other then fall asleep.

The next morning the teens are up and ready to leave for school. "Are we taking the train or what?" Harry shrugs. Monica sets her and Ginny's trunks down. Ginny was underage so was not allowed to do magic. Once they left the house they would be leaving Dumbledore's

protection and she could get in trouble. "My last year, this is going to be great."

"What about the N.E.W.T.S.?" Ginny didn't want this to be Monica's or anyone else's last year. She would be so alone next year. She would still have Luna and a couple others she talked to but school was so empty as it was with so many students pulled out she was going to miss her older friends and Monica.

"You only need to pass those you don't need to do as well as Hermione will do." The group laughs.

"You just need to study and you'll do fine." Hermione turns around when she hears something. "Mom, dad, there you are." She goes over and hugs them. She had already said bye to them but she would miss them. "We're just waiting for whoever or whatever will be taking us."

"I think that's why this was sent." Tom hands Hermione a letter. Hermione opens it and reads it.

"Thanks dad." Hermione hands the letter back to her dad. "We have about ten minutes before a car gets here and takes us to the train station." Harry reads the letter and reads the part that Hermione didn't tell the others.

"Well, ten minutes, what to do?" Monica was already bored. "Back home we would turn the TV on."

"This isn't home Monica." Devin sighs. He didn't like what goes on in his mind when he thinks about home.

"You're telling me." Monica still didn't like England. She had friends and Ginny here but back at home... Nothing would compare to her childhood home no matter how good it was. The kids stand and talk until someone knocks on the door. Harry goes to the door.

"The owl," He waits for the response.

“Flies at dawn.” Harry opens the door and sees Remus and Tonks. “You kids have everything?”

“The only kid here is Ginny.” Harry smiles at the two Aurors. These two were safe, Dumbledore knew they weren’t traitors. The traitor, suspected traitor, was at the train station.

“Come here Harry, I need to talk to you about something.” Remus and Harry walk to the back of the house and talk then come to the door. “Grab your things and let’s go.” They walk out to an Order modified Ministry car and Tonks drives them to the train station.

“Harry what did you talk about?” Hermione holds his hand and feels him shake.

“Nothing, I can’t tell you.”

“Harry we don’t keep secrets from each other.” Hermione leans close to Harry.

“Hermione not now.” Harry pushes Hermione away.

“What was it Harry?” Harry ignores her. “Fine.” Hermione rides the rest of the way in silence.

They get to the train station and get out. “We’ll get your luggage. It is too dangerous for you to be out in the open for long.” The teens go to the platform and as they enter Harry is hit with a spell.

“Get him!” Two Death Eaters appear! Leading them? Member of the Order Arthur Weasley! The Death Eaters fire spells at Harry but they bounce off! Not only that Harry moves faster than normal and proves he is stronger than normal when he tackles and knocks out the two Death Eaters. Arthur Weasley disappears using a potion.

“No, dad.” Ginny is stunned. Her father was a traitor? Harry walks over to Ginny.

“Don’t worry Ginny.” Harry smiles as he starts to change into Remus Lupin! “Harry come on out.” Remus Lupin, er, Harry, comes in with the luggage. Soon he morphs into Remus Lupin.

“That was a great potion, tasted much better then the Polyjuice potion.” Harry smiles at Hermione. “Hi Mione, I’m surprised you didn’t notice the switch.”

“But, then, that was the plan?”

“Part of it.” Remus looks around as Tonks comes in with the rest of the luggage and puts up a Secrecy Shield. “Ginny, we sent your father in. We had to make it look real, we’ve been setting this up for weeks.” Tonks goes over to Ginny.

“Your father volunteered for this. He is a very brave man to risk himself for this. Dumbledore told him not to but he wants revenge for your brother, his son.” Tonks puts a hand on Ginny’s shoulder. “He should be safe though. Our plan has been set that even if there was a real traitor in the Order he would think Arthur is one to.”

“But, what if he gets caught?” Ginny’s mind is racing with thoughts. She was about to be angry at her father for turning like her brother but now she’s mad at him for putting his life on the line.

“If something happens he has a potion to get him out of there. Sorry for the scare. We got you here early so no one else would see him.”

“Early? The train should be here pretty soon.” Hermione had watched the clocks while waiting for the Order to show up.

“We used magic on them to get you up early.” Tonks smiles. “Sorry but we have another hour before the train even gets here.”

“Well, what do we do?” Hermione looks around. Three Ministry Aurors had shown up and taken the Death Eaters away and they were the only ones left on the platform.

“You could play some Wizard Chess.” Remus gets four boards out from a bottomless sack. “I have Harry for the first game. Let’s see if you’re as bad as your father.”

“My dad played Wizard Chess?” Remus laughs.

“He played losing all his pieces while saying swear words.” The group plays Wizard Chess until the train arrives. The teens get the luggage on quickly as other teens show up. Teens greet each other seeing friends they hadn’t seen all summer. Harry and his group get on the train. Monica and Devin have to sit in a back car as Harry, Hermione, and Ginny go to the Prefect and Head Student car.

“Ginny, are you ok?” Hermione puts a hand on her shoulder.

“Yes, I think so. I, I was so mad then, I don’t know.” It was a lot of information to take in.

“He’ll be ok. Dumbledore wouldn’t have let him do it if he didn’t think your dad could do it.” Hermione hugs Ginny then let’s go. “Hmmm, what will be our first order?” Hermione was Head Girl, Harry was Head Boy. They were almost as powerful as teachers.

“How about do your homework and don’t goof off around us?”

“I meant for the Prefects.” Hermione rolls her eyes as Harry smiles. “What about patrols? We decide who does what now.”

“Patrols? Do we really need them?” Hermione shrugs her shoulders. “I’m sure Dumbledore has the castle safe enough that we don’t need to make the Prefects go around at night. What do you think Ginny?”

“I don’t want to be up all night on patrols.”

“But you do want to be up all night doing something else?” Ginny blushes at Hermione’s comment. “I heard we have new students and some coming back so you might not have an empty dorm room.”

"I know, I'm glad I won't be alone. Those rooms are so big it's creepy when I'm the only one there." They continue to talk as more Prefects and students get on. Soon the train is filled and starts to move.

"Ok Prefects, for now we will not have patrols. We hope the other students will behave and not require us to be looking for them in the middle of the night." Hermione takes charge. "If there is an increase of night activities the Prefects from the house it is coming from will be given patrol charts so if I were you I'd make sure your house mates behave."

"Also," Harry stands up. "I would like it if you could help me and Hermione with something. Voldemort is still around." Several Prefects flinch. "And that's exactly what I mean. I know Dumbledore had you all say his name once but many of the students still refuse to say his name. If you hear someone say 'You Know Who' warn them. If you hear them say it again detention."

"But, what if, what if it is another Prefect? Or someone from a different house?"

"Doesn't matter. Now if the same house seems to be hit with this offense from the same Prefects then we will go to your Head of House."

"Hey don't be implying anything Gryffindor!" A 6th year Slytherin Prefect yells this.

"Exactly my point." Harry stares at him as do the other Prefects.

"Other than this just try to keep your students in line. We don't need trouble. We don't need students wandering around at night when an attack could happen. And please try to tell them the importance of staying out of the Forbidden Forest?"

"This coming from someone who has been in there it sounds a little hypocritical." A 5th year Prefect gets the others to laugh.

"I know the dangers first hand to say the least." Harry joins in on the laughing. "Exactly why no one else should go in there. If there isn't

anything else you can go back and join your friends.” Harry looks over at Hermione.

“I have nothing.” The group of Prefects leave the car. “Come on Harry let’s find the others.” The two leave and find Ginny talking with Luna.

“Oh, hello.” Luna stares at the two. “Dark presence, he’s trying to watch but can’t.” What Luna says scares Harry and Hermione.

“Ginny did you tell her about that?” Hermione stares at her.

“She, she knew I was hiding something so I told her. She’s not a Death Eater we can trust her.”

“Ask me next time ok?” Harry looks at Luna. “Why can’t he?”

“Another force, another Potter, is stopping him.” Luna leans in towards Harry. “A female Potter.” She turns her head. “I can’t see anything else, sorry.”

“Don’t be Luna but please make sure you don’t tell anyone.”

“I won’t. None of my house mates talk to me so I’ll have no one to tell.” Luna smiles. “Do you know where Devin is?”

“Probably in one of the back cars with his sister.” Harry looks around. “Why is the car so crowded?”

“More students.” Harry and the others turn and see an adult they don’t recognize. “Hello Harry Potter.” The woman smiles. “It will be such an honor to be your teacher.”

“Teacher? What class?”

“Defense against the Dark Arts.”

“Wait, but, Dumbledore teaches that class.” Had something happened to Dumbledore?

“He did but his Order business takes up his time. He appointed me to get another Order member in the school while he went after You-Know-Who.”

“Voldemort.” Harry couldn’t believe a teacher, an Order member, was afraid of saying Voldemort. “His name is Voldemort.”

“Actually his name is Tom Riddle but if I said that no one would know who I was talking about. And saying his new name around these children may cause panic.” The woman wasn’t afraid of the name she was afraid of the panic and fear it caused. “I am Ms. Night. While I know who you are who are all these lady friends of yours?” She raises an eyebrow as she looks at the three women around Harry.

“This is Hermione Granger, probably the best student witch at Hogwarts.” Harry kisses her on the cheek. “This is Ginny Weasley, Gryffindor Prefect for her year. And this one is Luna Lovegood, Ravenclaw Prefect for her year.”

“Very nice to meet you all but I’m sure you must be wanting to go to your other friends.” Ms. Night smiles. “Leave this old woman to her thoughts.”

“Old? You don’t look a day over thirty.” Ginny’s comment makes Ms. Night laugh.

“Looks can be deceiving young witch. You should know that by now after years of magic school.” The four leave the train car and look for their friends.

As the train gets close to Hogwarts the students change into robes. The first year students press their faces against the window to look at the impressive sight that was Hogwarts. When the train stops Harry sees a familiar face.

“Hello young students.” It wasn’t the half giant Hagrid but Albus Dumbledore. “We must take a new route for you new students. Safety first, safety second, and safety last.” Dumbledore leads the first year students away from the other students.

"I wonder where Hagrid is." Harry looks around but doesn't see him.
"Order business maybe."

"Maybe." Hermione holds Harry's hand as they walk into the castle walls. "What do you think Dumbledore is really doing?"

"I don't know. If he's not teaching or running the school maybe he has to devote more time to Order. Maybe Voldemort is getting stronger." Harry and the other older students walk down the halls of the school to the Great Hall. They enter and see the usual banners and the new students waiting to be sorted by the Sorting Hat. Headmaster McGonagall was already standing at the podium.

"Sit down children. We must hurry things along." Safety was the number one concern and the Great Hall was open, easy to access, in an attack. The dorm towers were much better defense wise as you needed a password just to get in them and there was a small opening to get in. "Before the sorting I want to give a short speech. First, do not enter the Forbidden Forest!" Headmaster McGonagall claps her hands and booming noise comes out. "Second is we are on alert. No more lax enforcing of rules! We are in a time of war! These rules are set for your safety. This school could be closed if we have any deaths! I do not want this to happen! The Head Boy and Head Girl have been authorized to deduct points and give out detentions on their own accord. You can not debate these punishments and you can not get out of them!" Headmaster McGonagall turns to the new teacher. "This is Professor Night your knew teacher for the Defense of the Dark Arts. Treat her with respect and learn! You will need to learn as much as you can with these dark times!" Headmaster McGonagall continues to yell to make sure the students understood the severity of the situation. "With Voldemort out there any little bit of knowledge could save your life! Now, for the sorting." Headmaster McGonagall gets the Sorting Hat out. After a short song the Sorting Hat is ready to sort the new students. "Abbot, Ashleigh." A first year girl goes up to the Sorting hat.

"Hufflepuff!" This process continues until all of the new students have been sorted.

“Ok, eat, drink, then your Prefects will lead you to your Dorm Towers and give you your passwords. Do not wander around or you will be punished!” Headmaster McGonagall sits down as food and drinks magically appear on the many tables. The students eat quickly. The newer students wondered if this was what Hogwarts was about. They heard from parents and older siblings about all the fun times they had but things were different now. It was as bad as when Voldemort first rose to power.

“Harry,” Hermione gets Harry’s attention. “We should probably get ready to take the other students to the Gryffindor tower.”

“Ok.” Harry quickly finishes his juice. “Um, if any of you are done we can go to the Gryffindor tower.” Most of the students stand up. “Oh, wait a minute for the others.” They wait and soon everyone finishes. “Follow me and Hermione Granger your 7th year Prefect and Head Girl.” The Gryffindor students leave together and go to the Gryffindor tower. Harry and Hermione give the password to the students two at a time and let them enter. After all of the students enter Hermione stops Harry from going in.

“With all the new students I thought maybe Hogwarts would feel warmer but it is colder then last year.”

“Hogwarts was tainted by the Death Eaters. I, it use to be, it use to be a home to me. I use to see my friends here but now I see where I fought Ron, where I saw Cho kill herself. I see where Ginny attacked me when she was being controlled.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” Harry and Hermione hold hands as they enter the Gryffindor tower for the seventh and final year.

A/N Ok, I started it back up. After a long break I got ideas, inspiration, whatever. No idea when next chapter will be up. Could be many more months.

Chapter 5: The Truth

Hermione and Harry are heading to their first class of the year, Defense Against the Dark Arts. "What do you think we'll learn? After Dumbledore I don't think we'll ever have a teacher as good as Dumbledore."

"Well he did pick the new teacher so she should be good right? Ms. Night is an Order member so Dumbledore probably let her take his spot so he could get another Order member in the school." Hermione wondered what they would learn also but was sure there was another reason for Ms. Night being made the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. "Whoa." Hermione opens the door and sees a monster in a cage. It is a little over a meter and a half tall.

"Oh hello my first students! Harry Potter and his friend, um, let me think." Ms. Night taps her wand to her temple. "Hermione Granger. The Head Girl right?" Hermione nods. "Wonderful and do you know what I have for class today?"

"It looks like a Gnoll."

"Very good Hermione. This is a common River Gnoll to be exact. The hide is very tough and a normal stunning spell is useless." Three more students come into the class and see the monster. "Find a seat where you want. I won't be assigning seats." The three sit down next to each other as Harry and Hermione sit down at another table. "As I was saying, normal spells won't penetrate the hide of a River Gnoll. This one is about as large as they get but is very dangerous."

"River Gnoll? How are they different from a regular Gnoll or a Desert Gnoll?" One of the other students asks this question.

"Let's wait for the others to get here." Ms. Night points her wand at the cage when the River Gnoll slams against the door. "Be nice or you gets the water." Ms. Night laughs. "That movie is probably too old for you kids to get the reference." She waits for the rest of the students, Gryffindor and Hufflepuff, to enter the classroom. "Hello class I am Ms. Night your new Defense of the Dark Arts teacher. I know you are probably disappointed that Mr. Dumbledore is no longer

teaching but as I understand this position has never been held by anyone for more then a year for as long as anyone can remember.” Ms. Night smiles then flinches when the River Gnoll slams against a wall of the cage. “Be calm or I’ll punish you!” The Gnoll stops beating against the cage. “Sorry about that class but you have to be firm with Gnolls or they won’t listen.” Ms. Night stands up. “Listen class we’ll start right off with what to do incase of a Gnoll attack. Gnoll’s are not the most dangerous of the troll family but they can be fierce and dangerous in large numbers. Also I was advised not to bring a troll into the school since the last time one got in it took three first year students to defeat it.” Ms. Night looks at Harry and Hermione. “Although one of them is not here right now. Hermione, Harry, how did you take on a mountain troll? What spells did you use?”

“I, well, I got lucky.”

“Harry and Ron attacked it and distracted it long enough to use a levitation spell to raise the club the Mountain Troll brought and knock it out with its own club.” Hermione smiles as she remembers that moment. It had been the starting point of her friendship with Harry and Ron.

“I see so no real spell was used on the monster. It was a good idea to use a levitation spell on the club since as first years you hadn’t really learned any spell capable to hurt it. But that was very dangerous and should not be done again.”

“We won’t try that again. By now we’ve learned enough spells to take one down with magic and not a club.” Hermione smiles as she thinks of at least a dozen spells that would have worked.

“Yes but let’s see how you work now. Hermione Granger to the front of the class.” Hermione gets out of her seat and goes to the front of the class. Suddenly a magical barrier cuts her off from the rest of the class. The cage holding the Gnoll opens and it steps out.

“Wait, um, uh, help!” Hermione freezes up as she panics. “Help, uh, I can’t think of anything!” Hermione backs into the magical barrier and falls through it.

"That's what I thought." Ms. Night has humiliated Hermione. "Who wants to try it now?"

"I will." Harry knows he can do it. He beat a Mountain Troll when he was eleven he could beat this Gnoll.

"Really? If you get yourself hurt on the first day I'm sure Mr. Dumbledore wouldn't like that."

"I can do it." Harry has a plan. He was in Hogwarts, the safest place on Earth. Not only that but Voldemort knew Harry was at Hogwarts so if Harry were to open the link a little nothing bad would happen.

"Very well step through. This won't be fair since you know what to expect now."

"You're right it won't be fair but that's not my fault." Harry steps through the barrier. He opens the connection to Voldemort and feels the power and the arrogance of Voldemort move into him. "Pyros Biabolis!" Harry sends out a jet of flame from his wand at the River Gnoll. Its hide protects it and the Gnoll gets ready to attack. Harry closes his eyes and concentrates his energy. "I can use any spell right?"

"Yes Harry but please don't kill it." Ms. Night was getting worried. The spell Harry used was advanced and powerful what else would he use?

"Good. Reduffindo Aquios!" A blade of water comes out and hits the River Gnoll. The water blade cuts through the River Gnoll's hide easily. The River Gnoll howls in pain and backs away from Harry. "Drakenios Hyrada!" More water comes out and forms into a water serpent. Harry controls it and it wraps around the River Gnoll and starts to squeeze it. Harry didn't realize it but his connection to Voldemort was letting in Voldemort's evil into him. "See? I'm nothing like Hermione." The sea Serpent squeezes the River Gnoll as it continues to howl in pain.

"Harry stop it!" Ms. Night goes through the magical barrier to keep Harry from killing the River Gnoll. "I said stop it this instant!" This time

the order gets to Harry and he drops the River Gnoll. He closes his eyes and closes the connection to Voldemort.

“Hermione, get to him.” Devin and Monica had been watching Harry and both saw something was wrong with Harry. Devin saw the evil in Harry’s aura and Monica saw the outline of something that wasn’t Harry. Hermione runs over to Harry and hugs him from behind.

“Harry calm down you did it. You avenged me.” Hermione laughs hoping Harry wouldn’t get in trouble.

“He avenged you but he may have hurt the River Gnoll.”

“Take it to Hagrid I’m sure he wouldn’t mind taking care of it.” Hermione watches as Ms. Night creates a magical stretcher for the River Gnoll. “Um, he does stuff like that. Takes care of magical creatures since that is his job kind of.”

“Harry, you pass. I never want you to volunteer for another assignment again.” Ms. Night worried that when she went over dueling with other wizards that Harry would hurt a student just as badly as the River Gnoll was or worse.

“But, I, I wasn’t sure what it would take to beat the River Gnoll. I’m sorry I went a little too far.” Harry felt the evil and knew where it came from. “Can I sit down now?”

“Yes, sit down. I have to take this to Hagrid. He is probably holding a class right now.”

“The River Gnoll will probably become part of his next class.” A Hufflepuff who liked Care of Magical Creatures says this.

“Maybe but I was supposed to return this creature back into the wild after this week.” Ms. Night looks at the class. “You’re all adults so you are old enough to have me leave the classroom without worrying about what you kids will do.” Ms. Night leaves the class with the River Gnoll.

“Harry what were you doing?” Hermione was concerned for Harry. What he did reminded her of what happened during the attack at the Ministry.

“I was beating the River Gnoll. I, I remembered the Mountain Troll and I guess I went too far.” Harry lies. He knows what happened was because of him opening the connection to Voldemort.

“The Mountain Troll, memories, Ron?” Hermione thinks she figured it out. Harry thought of Ron and that made him angry and lose control. “Good job Harry it looks like you’ve passed for the year.” Hermione and Harry go back to their seats. “Where did you learn that last spell?”

“I don’t know.” Harry didn’t know it but when he opened the connection to Voldemort he gained access to Voldemort’s knowledge. But it was a two way street.

“So, Dumbledore has quit teaching? Curious. His old age may finally be getting to him.” Voldemort thinks about why Dumbledore would stop teaching after only one year. Voldemort did not believe the position was cursed. He did not believe that a teacher would only last a year because of some supernatural force would force them out.

Ms Night gets back to the class. “Well then class the River Gnoll was supposed to be the main focus of the class for the week but since someone was overenthusiastic,” Ms. Night looks at Harry. “We will have to do something else. A twelve scroll essay on the difference between Gnolls and Trolls sounds like fun.” The entire class groans. “Don’t blame me blame Harry Potter.” Ms. Night goes to her desk and sits down.

“But, I, you said to beat the River Gnoll so I did.” Harry didn’t like being blamed by Ms. Night for what was going on.

“I said not to kill it also but you almost did. If I were you I’d stop arguing and start writing.” The students get out parchment and open their books to start to essay.

After Defense of the Dark Arts Harry and the other Gryffindor students had Potions with Slytherin. "I don't get her. I, I thought Ms. Night would be ok but she seems to have it out for me." Harry's hand hurt from writing the essay.

"You screwed up her first class I'd be mad at you to." Hermione rubs her hand. "She probably had some great class ready for everyone but then you messed it up for her. What would you do in her shoes?"

"I guess it is kind of my fault. At least the essay isn't due until Friday." Harry had two scrolls done already. "I wonder what Snape has planned for us."

"Well in our seventh year we should be advanced enough that he won't waste any time and pull out something really hard." Harry and Hermione get to the Potions classroom and walk in to see a large cauldron with a greenish white liquid in it. Hermione holds her nose. "Smells awful."

"That would be the smell of what potion?" Professor Snape is adding something to the cauldron. "Answer?"

"Uh, I can't tell by the smell." Harry holds his nose as he sits down in a seat as far away from the cauldron as he could get.

"Ten points from Gryffindor. The scent of this potion should be clue enough." Hermione was right Professor Snape was pulling out the advanced potions on the first day. "Ah you, what is this potion?" Harry and Hermione turn around to see a seventh year Slytherin.

"I don't know." The student holds his nose.

"Ten points from Slytherin and put your hand down. The smell is not that bad." Harry, Hermione, and the Slytherin student stop holding their noses and start breathing through their mouths.

"Look at that I think Snape is cheating." Hermione sees the steam coming from the potion wrapping around Snape's head. "He's using a spell to keep from smelling the potion."

“What spell?” Harry tries to think of a spell that would work. “Maybe the Bubblehead charm?”

“No we’d see it.” Hermione and Harry watch Professor Snape and soon don’t even notice the smell of the potion. More students come in and sit down.

“Class don’t hold your noses!” Professor Snape yells this and everyone listens. “Now, what is this potion’s name, what does it do, and why does it have this odor?” No one raises their hand. “One hundred points from both houses. You are in your seventh year you should know this! I won’t be babying you anymore!” Professor Snape grabs a vial and fills it with the potion. “This is a potion that allows you to disguise yourself. Now can anyone tell me why it smells?” Hermione raises her hand. “Yes Miss Granger?”

“It changes how you smell so Werewolves or magical creatures with a strong sense of smell won’t detect you.”

“Finally one of you students have an answer. After seven years I shouldn’t be surprised by your lack of knowledge.” Professor Snape sets the vial down. “Does anyone know why I shouldn’t be teaching you this potion?” Hermione’s hand comes up but Professor Snape ignores her. “Anyone?”

“Just pick Hermione.” Harry leans back in his chair when he hears something. “Made illegal in 1638, Made illegal in 1638.” Harry looks over and sees Hermione is rubbing the ring on her finger. Harry raises his hand.

“Yes Mr. Potter?”

“Because it was made illegal in 1638?”

“Very good, five points to Gryffindor. Now, what is the name?” Hermione raises her hand again but Professor Snape ignores her. Hermione rubs her ring again and Harry gets the answer so he raises his hand but Professor Snape ignores him. “No one? Very well, one hundred points from both houses.” Professor Snape hears groans

coming from the students. "Before any Gryffindor students say it is unfair since two of your fellow housemates knew the answer remember you will be taking the tests alone. You will have to know the answers without help from Miss Granger or Mr. Potter. If you do not know the answers you will only have yourself to blame." Professor Snape was just as harsh to the students for the rest of the class.

When the class ends Harry and Hermione head for the Great Hall to eat lunch. "That was horrible. We lost over one hundred points in one class."

"So did Slytherin so it isn't like he is picking on us Harry. Professor Snape did have a point. We all need to know the answers and we are all adults now. We can't expect him to be teaching us fluff potions or salves for minor wounds anymore." Hermione was mad about the points and being ignored but understood where Professor Snape was coming from.

"Still bad. You don't think all of our teachers will be like this do you?" Hermione shrugs her shoulders. "At least I have a break coming up. Divination, I can't believe I chose to take that class this year."

"Harry if you don't like it you could always take Ancient Runes with me." Harry stares at Hermione. "Which is the class I have next. NEWT level Ancient Runes is going to make Professor Snape's class look easy."

"Why I am taking Divination. I don't care what grade I get in there. Oh, and thanks for the answers."

"What?" Hermione didn't realize she gave the answers to Professor Snape's questions to him.

"When he wouldn't pick you to answer you rubbed your ring and gave me the answers."

"Oh I didn't know I was doing that. We can't be cheating Harry."

“It wasn’t cheating it was just one classmate helping another.” Harry smiles and kisses Hermione lightly on the lips. “Don’t feel bad about it Mione.”

“I’m too worried about Ancient Runes to feel bad about giving you the answers.” Hermione and Harry eat lunch then go separate ways for classes.

Harry is about to fall asleep in Divination when he hears a message from Hermione through the ring. “Harry, the Ancient Runes teacher is sending a package to the Divination class. I bet if you predicted a package being delivered it would impress everyone.” Harry hears Hermione laugh through the ring. Harry decides it would be more fun then sleeping so raises his hand.

“Yes Harry?”

“Hermione Granger is about to deliver a package from the Ancient Runes teacher.” Harry smiles and has to keep from laughing when Hermione arrives with the package. Ah a good joke Harry but what if you surprised Hermione by telling her what is in the package? “Voice?” Who else? It’s an old rune the other teacher wants to have your teacher to study and see if she can get any visions. “It must be the rare rune she wants you to study and see if you get any visions.” Harry stops himself from laughing when Hermione nearly drops the box the rune was in. Hermione saw it but didn’t tell Harry about it. Hermione hands the box over and the Divination teacher opens it and is stunned. Harry had predicted the package being delivered and what was in it.

“Yes, yes it is. Fifty points to Gryffindor for such great advancement in Divination.” Hermione leaves the class wondering how Harry knew what was in the package.

After afternoon classes Hermione and Harry go to the Gryffindor Common Room to relax before tackling homework. Harry sinks into a chair wondering which class’s homework to start on first when he is interrupted.

"Mister Harry Potter Sir!" Dobby had appeared. "Mister Dumbledore wants to see you and Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am."

"Ok Dobby we'll be right there." Dobby disappears. "Mione you don't think he wants us to start training again do you?" Hermione shrugs her shoulders. "We have so much homework to do already and classes will only get harder we can't spend time training can we?"

"We have to Harry. If Voldemort attacks the school again we'll need to be ready. Or, or if you meet Voldemort again..." Hermione didn't want to think about it. She was scared he'd be killed last time and didn't want to worry about that again. "It will give us a break kind of. Instead of reading books and writing we will be doing what Dumbledore wants us to do." Hermione and Harry leave the Gryffindor Common Room for Dumbledore's office when Hermione realizes something. "Harry, do you know where his new office is?" Dumbledore wasn't the Headmaster and he wasn't the teacher for Defense of the Dark Arts.

"I don't know we could ask a teacher." Harry and Hermione walk down the hall until they see a teacher, Ms. Night.

"What are you two doing? You should be working on your essay."

"Uh we were told to go to Dumbledore's office but we don't know where it is anymore." Harry doesn't know why but he feels uncomfortable with Ms. Night staring at him.

"Mr. Dumbledore is back at the Headmaster office. Hurry so you can work on your homework." Ms. Night walks away from the two.

"I don't think she likes me."

"Harry you ruined her first week of classes what do you expect?" Hermione smiles at him. "Don't worry about it we have to see Dumbledore." They run for the Headmaster office.

"I don't know the password." The two stand in front of the guarded door. "I really should have asked Dobby a couple things." Harry tries

to think of what the password would be when the doors open for him and Hermione.

"Come in please do come in." Dumbledore had been waiting for the two. "Glad you made it here with no problem. I did forget to tell you where my new office was but you found it." Dumbledore let's the two in then the door closes. "Headmaster McGonagall was kind enough to give me a place in her office."

"Dumbledore it was the least I could do." Headmaster McGonagall was at her desk. "Head Girl Hermione Granger and Head Boy Harry Potter. Not that I am surprised but congratulations."

"Thank you Headmaster." Hermione looks around the office noticing it had changed, become larger. "Are we here for more training Dumbledore?"

"No, not for now. You two are our best students and I feel a kind of closeness to Harry of course. You two need to know some things that have been going on but kept from the public." Dumbledore sits down at a desk cluttered with different magical items. "Sit down please." Hermione and Harry do. "How was the attack at the train station? I hope it looked real enough to fool Voldemort."

"About that Dumbledore Mr. Weasley, Arthur, isn't in danger is he? Voldemort can't really believe Arthur would join him. Arthur is a Muggle lover isn't he?"

"Yes but our plan after news of Ron's death has fooled the Death Eaters. I will not go into details now as there are more important things to discuss." Dumbledore looks over at Headmaster McGonagall. "I am sorry to be rude but could you please leave as I discuss these things?"

"Yes Dumbledore." Headmaster McGonagall leaves her office so Dumbledore could talk to Harry and Hermione in private.

"How were your classes today?"

"Hard but good. Ms. Night is angry at me though."

"I heard about that incident. Harry that was powerful, advanced, magic. Where did you learn it?" Dumbledore's question led right where he wanted it to.

"I, uh, I've been reading a lot of books. The Necronomicon had magic that maybe you don't even know. At least magic I never heard of."

"Harry I know when you lie and I know the truth already. You connected to Voldemort did you not?" Harry looks away knowing he was caught. "Do not feel the need to lie to me Harry. You wanted to show how powerful you were to the others but the way you did it was wrong."

"I, that's not true. I wanted to beat the Gnoll and I did." Harry defends his actions. "I did it quickly and in a way that no one would expect. If it had been a real attack I would have been praised for defeating it."

"But it was not a real attack and you knew that. Connecting to Voldemort for a class demonstration could get you stripped of your Head Boy status." Dumbledore wanted to make sure Harry knew how dangerous what he did actually was. "He could get into this school if you do that again. His evil could contaminate you and make you his pawn. During a real attack if you have to use your connection to Voldemort then use it but for class I never want to hear of another miraculous display by Harry Potter. Speaking of this, what was it in your Divination class that allowed you to predict Hermione delivering the package?"

"That wasn't Voldemort that was me." Hermione raises the hand with her ring on it. "I told Harry I was coming with a package. It was a joke."

"I see so no Voldemort was involved in that." Harry and Hermione nod. "Alright. Now onto the reason I called you here." Dumbledore sighs as he gets his wand out. "As you know Voldemort has one equal." Dumbledore waves his wand and an image of a younger Dumbledore appears. "Of course he is no longer around." The image disappears."

“What do you mean Dumbledore? You’re still here.” Hermione didn’t get what Dumbledore was saying.

“I am here but Voldemort’s equal is not.” Harry understands what Dumbledore is saying.

“Dumbledore you are getting old but that doesn’t mean you’re getting weaker.” Hermione looks at Harry now getting what Dumbledore was talking about.

“But I am. If Voldemort discovers this he will attack. Imagine if you opened your connection to Voldemort and he was able to discover the truth? You must not use your connection to Voldemort unless it is absolutely necessary.” Dumbledore puts his wand away. “This is why I have stepped down from my teaching position. I am no longer able to perform as well as I used to.”

“Does Headmaster McGonagall know about this?”

“Headmaster McGonagall knows this but she did not know of your connection to Voldemort. You can go back to your Common Room and work on your homework. Ms. Night has told me she was rather harsh after her class was ruined.” Dumbledore smiles to try and ease tension. “Be off and don’t work too hard. This is your final year it will be your hardest but you will find it will be your greatest year.” Harry and Hermione leave the Headmaster office and go back to the Gryffindor Common Room.

Chapter 6: Quidditch

On September 23rd the first Quidditch game of the season. The house teams had all been training except one, Slytherin. "I don't know what they're getting at." A Hufflepuff Quidditch player was talking as the team left the field and the Gryffindor team went on. "We beat them last year." The Hufflepuff team laughs at the Gryffindor team. "So we have a chance of winning again."

"You lot just got lucky." New young member of the team says this. He was replacing one of the Chasers whose broom had been broken over summer break and their parents could not afford a new one. "But now that I'm on the team," He flexes his arms. "We'll be assured victory." A couple team member laugh when Harry speaks up for the rest.

"Now Bartholomew they beat us fair and square with no tricks, last year." Harry looks over at the Hufflepuff Captain. "That was last year of course when I seriously underestimated you. Now that I know you have finally figured out which end of a broom goes forward you might win the Quidditch Cup." Harry smiles and laughs a little. "But do beat Slytherin we don't get to crush them until near the end of the year." Harry and the Hufflepuff Captain shake hands.

"Thank Harry, good luck against Ravenclaw." The two teams go separate ways. The Gryffindor team practices for an hour before going back to the castle. Things were looking like a great season was coming.

On the Friday before the first Quidditch match, Slytherin versus Hufflepuff, the school was abuzz with talk. No one knew why the Slytherin team refused to practice. Many said they were practicing late at night but that would be too risky. Others said it was that Slytherin knew they would lose so weren't even going to try. Harry thought about this and could see it before realizing no one at Slytherin would just roll over. They were up to something. "Monica, have you heard anything about Slytherin? Well, anything that makes sense?"

“Not really. They ain’t been talking much about their strategy.” Monica turns her head when she hears a throat clear. Professor McGonagall was staring at the two. “Um, sorry, I did make my block of wood into a block of tin.” Monica shows Professor McGonagall.

“Yes but if you had been paying attention you would know I now wanted it turned to iron. Ten points from Gryffindor, each.” Professor McGonagall goes back to her desk as other students snicker.

“We can make those up easily.” Harry goes back to his block of tin and tries Transfiguring it into iron. Hermione had already done so and with a little trouble Harry changes it into iron. After a few minutes every student had done so except Neville who instead of iron made iron pyrite.

“But, gold? I didn’t mean to Professor I swear.” Turning things into gold with magic was against the Wizing laws. It usually was not a problem wince it was difficult to do.

“Do not worry Neville I know it is not real gold.” Professor McGonagall picks up the block of iron pyrite. “It is much prettier then a block of iron though. Everyone follow Neville Longbottom’s lead and turn your iron into iron pyrite.” Professor McGonagall sets the block down. Everyone tries and soon have a block of iron pyrite in front of them. “Turn them in when you’re done. Harry, Monica, Neville, I want to talk to you.” The three students get up and walk over to Professor McGonagall’s desk wondering what she wanted.

“Yes Professor McGonagall?” Harry is nervous. He had been in trouble for talking in class and now was worried about more punishment. Although he wasn’t sure why Neville was called up.

“Tomorrow is the first game of the year. Hufflepuff versus Slytherin. I would like it if we could all go down and watch. We may not be Hufflepuff but we are Hogwarts students. You will have your team mates come also.” Professor McGonagall is surprised by a laugh from Monica. “Ms. Stark what appears to be funny about this request?”

"We may not be Hufflepuff, what about Slytherin?" Monica had caught that. "Does someone have a bet with Professor Snape?"

"It is highly immoral to bet. I would just like to show some school companionship at Hogwarts. The four houses may compete but we are all from Hogwarts." Professor McGonagall motions to the three to go and sit back down. Professor McGonagall uses her wand to take the iron pyrite block off of Neville's desk. "Very nice, five points to Gryffindor." She says this under her breath so none of the students hear her.

After classes Harry and the other Gryffindor Quidditch team are in the Gryffindor Common Room. "We will arrive in our uniforms tomorrow but we will be supporting Hufflepuff. Tell your friends and anyone you see. We want as many people there to support Hufflepuff."

"Why Harry? We'll be playing them later in the season do we want them to do well?" Bartholomew was competitive. "If they score too many points you will have to hold back on catching the Snitch."

"Slytherin is the team I'm worried about." The other Gryffindor team mates talk to each other until Harry speaks again. "We don't know what they're up to. They haven't been seen practicing by anyone."

"They gave up haven't they?" A fifth year beater speaks up.

"No. There is no way they would just give up. They have something up their sleeve and I, wait, that's why." Harry now knows why Professor McGonagall wanted to make sure they all went to the game tomorrow. "We will find out why they haven't been training tomorrow." They talk some more about what the Slytherin team was up to until dinner. The teachers had given little homework that Friday. Well, little compared to past weeks.

After dinner Harry is in the Gryffindor Common Room with Hermione. "Mione what are you working on?" Hermione has three large books open around her. Harry leans over to try and see what she is working on but can't understand what is on the pages.

"Ancient Runes. I only have to translate twelve parchments this weekend but they are from the Ancient Sumerian Tribal King Giglamesh and his account of using a boat filled with live stock and food to ride out a massive flood. It's what the Christians stole to make the Noah story." Hermione writes something down. "Since I have an idea of what the story is about I've had less trouble but some of these runes aren't in any normal school book." Hermione chews on the end of her quill.

"I was going to offer help but I can't, sorry." Harry yawns. "How long are you going to be up for?"

"I want to get at least six pages done tonight. Tomorrow I'll get the rest done so on Sunday I can spend the day watching you play and celebrate at the party afterwards." Hermione smiles.

"If we win, when we win." Harry smiles back. "I guess I can work more on my homework so I too can celebrate at the party." Harry and Hermione work on homework until late.

"Harry we should probably go to bed." Hermione closes the three large books. "We have to get up to watch the game right?" Harry nods. "I'm just going to leave these here. I don't feel like carrying them up to the girls' dormitory." Hermione yawns then stretches.

"I could carry them for you."

"I don't think Monica would appreciate that." Hermione smiles. "Good night Harry." Hermione stands up and walks over to Harry. She kisses him on the lips. "I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"Later this morning it's already after midnight." Harry smiles then kisses Hermione back. "Good night Mione." Harry kisses her again a little longer and deeper than the last one.

"I hate to let you go but I must." Hermione and Harry go to the entrances of the dorms and go up the separate stairs.

The next morning after taking a shower in the Prefect bathroom Harry gets his Quidditch robes on. He goes out and meets Hermione who

was waiting for him in front of the Great Hall. Harry smiles and greets her with a hug and a kiss. "Are the rest here already Mione?"

"Neville and the new one, um, Bart?" Hermione wasn't sure what his name was. "And now you. Everyone is looking at them strangely. I heard some people ask if they thought the Gryffindor versus Ravenclaw match was today." Hermione smiles. "Until the entire Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw teams showed up dressed in their Quidditch uniforms. Only Slytherin seems to be out of uniform." And now everyone talked about how the Slytherin team wasn't united. The two go into the Great Hall for breakfast sitting down with their fellow students.

After breakfast the whole school is excited about the first Quidditch game of the year. Bets were being made as the students headed out to the Quidditch field. Everyone seemed to be leaning heavily on a Hufflepuff win except for the Slytherin students. "This is going to be a slaughter." Harry sits down next to Monica and Neville. "Did Devin come out to watch?"

"No. He didn't want to get too excited." Monica tried to talk him into going to the game but Devin said he wanted to be alone. He had gained control of his emotions but wasn't going to tempt fate. "Did Hermione take a break from homework to watch the game?"

"Yep, oh, there's Ginny." Harry makes room so Ginny can sit down next to Monica. "Hi Ginny who do you think is going to win?" Ginny sits down then answers Harry.

"Slytherin." This shocks Harry.

"But, they, they haven't practiced at all this year." Harry wouldn't bet on Slytherin anyways. Slytherin was the enemy.

"Yeah but they're Slytherin they have something up their sleeves." Ginny had bet twenty Galleons on Slytherin with Luna. Ginny had an idea when she won because she really didn't want to take the twenty Galleons from Luna. "I won't cheer for them but I won't let my feelings empty my money bag."

They wait and wait and finally the game is ready to start. The Hufflepuff Quidditch team comes out with their brooms raised in the air. The stands explode with cheers.

“Go Hufflepuff!” Harry yells as do many other students. Once the cheers die down the moment Slytherin had been waiting for. Their top secret plan was about to unfold.

“What are those?” People look at the Slytherin team as they take the field with brooms in hand.

“What kind of brooms are those?” Hermione uses a pair of magical binoculars to look at the broom handle of the Slytherin captain. “Firebolt Exodus 2?” Hermione says this out loud and several Gryffindor students gasp.

“The Head Girl said Firebolt Exodus 2!” The news spreads through the stands until everyone knew what was going on. Somehow the entire Slytherin Quidditch team had gotten the newest, fastest, most agile broom ever made! This was why they didn’t practice so no one would see the new brooms.

“Oh my God.” Monica shakes her head. “That, that has to be cheating. There’s no way Hufflepuff can win. There’s no way anyone could beat them.” A whole team with the best brooms would be an unstoppable force on the Quidditch field. “Harry we’re screwed.”

“They can’t all have the new brooms. I don’t think I could afford to do that.” Harry could with all the money his parents and Sirius left but is too stunned as is every other student in the stands except for the Slytherin students. They are cheering on the Slytherin team knowing they would win every bet they made. Slytherin would make thousands off of this trick. Not only that but they would win every Quidditch game that season. “This is a trick. Please be a trick.” Harry and the others watch as Madam Hooch starts the game.

“And they’re off! Slytherin immediately takes the lead with that score!” The commentator calls the game as best he can but Slytherin moves so fast he seems to be a few seconds behind. “Wait, no, Slytherin, no another score.”

"This isn't fair!" A Hufflepuff student yells this. More Hufflepuff students yell this and a chant starts. "This isn't fair! This isn't fair!" The chant grows to the Ravenclaw then Gryffindor students. "This isn't fair!" In five minutes Slytherin was up 70 to 0. The Hufflepuff team tries but on Comets and Cleansweeps they are unable to move fast enough to compete with Slytherin.

"Another score making it 140 to 0!" The score goes higher and higher and soon students start to leave the stands. This wasn't a game of Quidditch it was a massacre of the worst kind. The score is over 300 when the Slytherin Seeker catches the Snitch making it 510 to 0.

Back at the Gryffindor Common Room the Gryffindor Quidditch team is discussing what to do. "This is bad. I only have a Silverbolt." Neville liked his broom but it was outclassed by the Slytherin brooms.

"My Lexington is the best I can afford I can't buy a new broom to compete with the Slytherin broom." Monica is worried about the upcoming match next spring. "Harry you could buy us all new brooms."

"We will play with skill." Harry didn't want to go the route that Slytherin did. "We're better than Slytherin."

"Yeah but those brooms will bloody destroy us." Bartholomew wanted to play Quidditch not be beaten into the ground like Hufflepuff was.

"I knew they had something planned. Not this but something." Ginny hadn't talked to Luna yet about the bet they made. "Harry's right though we won't do what Slytherin did. They might win every game this year but it will be because of their brooms not their skill."

"I don't want to be using excuses." The other Gryffindor beater speaks up. "I want to win."

"We all want to win but I'm not cheating to do it. We will play on our brooms against Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and yes Slytherin. Unless you want to buy yourselves new brooms and show you're as bad of

players as the Slytherin Quidditch team.” Harry gets the reaction he wanted.

“Hell no we’re ten times the team we are!”

“Yeah!” Harry smiles at the reactions.

“That’s what I thought! Tomorrow we get to show off our skills on the Quidditch field. Let’s show what a real team can do. No fancy brooms, no tricks.” Monica raises her hand smirking at Harry.

“So, no fancy brooms? Getting rid of your Firebolt?” Monica and the other Gryffindor Quidditch team members laugh.

“That’s not what I meant Monica.” Harry laughs with the others then continues. “Lunch is soon. If you have any homework you should get it done so you can celebrate after our win over Ravenclaw tomorrow.” Harry and the other Gryffindor Quidditch teammates cheer then break apart.

The next morning Harry wakes up ready to play. He even had a dream about playing Quidditch. He takes a shower in the Prefect bathroom before changing and going to breakfast. He is surprised to see Hufflepuff was in their Quidditch uniforms. Gryffindor and Ravenclaw were but they had a game and Harry didn’t think Hufflepuff would want others to know who was on the Hufflepuff Quidditch team. Harry and the other members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team eat a light breakfast and drink lots of juice. “This is it guys, and girls.” Harry motions to Monica and Ginny. “Let’s show how real Quidditch players play.” The Gryffindor Quidditch team leaves the table together.

An hour later the two teams were leaving the locker rooms. “And first on the field being led by Harry Potter is the Gryffindor team!” The people in the stands cheer but some boos can be heard from the Slytherin in the stands. “And second on the field being lead by Mark Abbot is the Ravenclaw team!” More cheers from the stands and some more boos. “Will this be a real Quidditch match or will it be like yesterday? We are about to find out!” The crowds cheer as Madam Hooch releases the different balls. She then puts the whistle to her

lips. "And they're off!" Both teams kick off the ground and take to the air.

"Ginny take the lead, Bartholomew stay back near the goals incase they get the Quaffle there so you can steal." Harry barks off orders while keeping an eye out for the golden Snitch.

"And Gryffindor scores!" The stands explode with cheers. "Ravenclaw has the Quaffle now, Abbot dodges a Bludger, she gets past the last Chaser and now only Monica the Keeper stands in her way. She shoots for the middle hoop and, score!" Monica went to block but a Bludger nearly took her head off. "Bartholomew has the Quaffle!" Harry flies over to the other Beater.

"Nikky protect him." Nikky nods and flies after Bartholomew. Bartholomew dodges a Ravenclaw Chaser then nearly loses the Quaffle when a Bludger flies at him. Nikky flies in front of him and hits the Bludger back at a Ravenclaw Beater. Ginny flies up in front of Bartholomew and throws her arms up to show he was open but Bartholomew doesn't pass the Quaffle. Harry watches and sees Bartholomew was about to be hit by the other Bludger. "Watch out!"

"Ouch, that looked like it hurt." The Bludger had hit Bartholomew in the ribs and knocked the Quaffle loose. "Ravenclaw picks it up and, he's going, scores!" The Ravenclaw students explode with cheers. "In the confusion and checking on Bartholomew the Gryffindor Chasers and Beaters let that one get away! This is a lot better then yesterday!"

As the game continues Bartholomew was sent to middle position to pass the Quaffle from the fourth year Chaser to Ginny. The Ravenclaw Beaters try to take Ginny out like they had Bartholomew but she was too agile. "Gryffindor scores again! It's now tied 50-50! This game looks like it will come down to the Seekers!" Harry looks over at the Ravenclaw Seeker. She was taking Cho Chang's place and thinking of Cho Chang Harry got distracted. "Wait, there it is!" The Ravenclaw Seeker dove at something and the commentator sees what the Ravenclaw Seeker is chasing. Harry shakes his head and sees the Snitch. "Now Harry's after it! His Firebolt is better then Michelle's Nimbus 20001 but will that make a difference? Better brooms made a difference yesterday will it today?"

“So Potter will you win because of a better broom or better skills?” Harry sees a face and hears a voice but it couldn’t be there. “The famous Harry Potter winning because he spent more money on his broom.” Harry shakes his head trying to make the voice and face go away. It couldn’t be there since Ron was dead! “Watch out Potter I’d be careful if I were you.” The voice and face go away in time for Harry to see he was on a collision course for the ground. He pulls back on his broom and his feet graze the ground.

“Harry seemed to be lost there for a minute but now he’s back. Michelle is still after the Snitch. Whoa!” Michelle stops chasing the Snitch when a Bludger hits her in the back knocking the wind out of her. Harry and Michelle lose sight of the Snitch so the game continues.

“Are you ok?” Harry had flown up to Michelle once he lost sight of the Snitch. “That was a hard hit.”

“What happened to you?” Michelle was breathing hard trying to catch her breath after the hit.

“Nothing, there it is!” Harry points and Michelle looks at where he pointed to see nothing. Harry dives towards the ground. Michelle follows after him but Harry pulls away.

“What is going on? Did Harry see the Snitch?” No one notices the Chasers scoring as they all pay attention to Harry and Michelle. “I can’t see the Snitch is it there or not?”

“Sorry Michelle.” Harry knew that it wasn’t enough to score points they had to score a lot of points. Slytherin scored over five hundred points in one game and Harry knew they would probably do the same in the next game so he decided the only way to beat Ravenclaw and Slytherin would be to take out the other Seeker. Harry leans forward on his broom going as fast as he can. Michelle is right behind him trying to catch up to Harry. At the last moment Harry pulls up and Michelle see there is no Snitch but a wall is there. She slams into it then falls to the ground.

“Oh my Michelle after being hit with a Bludger is now on the ground after hitting the wall!” Madam Pomfrey comes down from the stands to check on Michelle. “Was that Harry’s plan all along? To use the superior turning of his broom to make Michelle crash?” Boos come from the stands. “Ravenclaw doesn’t look like it likes that. Both Beaters now seem to be aiming for Harry Potter!” Harry was indeed the target but now this left the Gryffindor Chasers free to score. “90 to 60! Gryffindor is pulling away and without Michelle on the field Ravenclaw can’t win by catching the Snitch! Harry Potter may not be as dirty as the Slytherin but this sure is a dirty tactic.” Professor McGonagall looks over at the student giving commentary. “But then again I guess anything to win a Quidditch game. Can’t say I wouldn’t have done it myself.”

“This is taking to long.” Harry was getting tired of dodging Bludgers. He flies over to Ginny. “Score, be a Quaffle hog, just score as much as possible!” Harry dodges another Bludger. “We need to beat Slytherin. They scored 510 points so we need more. It doesn’t matter if Ravenclaw scores I’ll catch the Snitch and win it for us.” Harry dodges another Bludger.

“Ok Harry.” Ginny listens to Harry’s advice and gets the Quaffle. She scores as much as possible but so to was Ravenclaw.

“It’s currently 210 to 160 the game isn’t a blow out and Ravenclaw is still in it! Wait, what’s this? Michelle is coming back onto the field!” Ravenclaw explodes with cheers. “Ravenclaw is still in this game!” Michelle kicks off the ground and Harry sees she has some magic bandages on her face and nose. Harry flies over to her so he could apologize but she turns away from him.

“This isn’t what I needed.” Harry starts looking for the Snitch. As much as he wanted to beat Slytherin’s score he didn’t want to lose to Ravenclaw. He flies around the field still dodging Bludgers. The Ravenclaw Beaters had loosened up on him but once Michelle came back on the field they seemed determined to hurt him as much as Michelle was.

“There goes Ginny with the Quaffle and she scores again! Gryffindor 250, Ravenclaw 210!” Harry sees a glint of gold, the Snitch! It is flying

near the bottom of the Ravenclaw goals. Harry dives for it when Michelle sees what he is doing. She sees the Snitch and starts to go after it. The two Seekers fly through the goal posts after the Snitch.

"I won't let you win Potter." Michelle wanted revenge for what Harry did. Her nose and a cheek bone had been broken. "You and your fancy Firebolt aren't enough to beat me!" Michelle grabs Harry by the arm and pulls on him. Harry hangs on with the other hand and tries to shake Michelle off.

"Hey, she's grabbing him!" Hermione sees this through her magical binoculars. "That's cheating!"

"What's this? The two Seekers seem to be fighting each other!" Harry had pushed Michelle away when she came back and slammed into him trying to knock him off of his broom. "Amazing Michelle is keeping up with Harry and they seem to be doing everything they can to stop the other!" Michelle grabs Harry by the hair as they fly behind the stands. "I can't see them what's going on now!?" Everyone tries to see what is going on but can't.

"Let me go!" Harry was getting mad. He grabs Michelle by the arm and twists making her let go.

"I won't let you win!" The two fly across the Hogwarts grounds before flying into the Forbidden Forest. They weave between the trees completely forgetting about the Snitch.

"Dumbledore I think they've gone into the woods." Ms. Night had been watching the game. "We should get them back here."

"Do not worry there is nothing in the woods that could catch them. Besides Professor Night this is Quidditch." Dumbledore had been enjoying the game greatly. This was what a Quidditch game was supposed to be about. Competition, scoring, and playing as though your life depended on it. Not like the Slytherin versus Hufflepuff game was yesterday.

“Aaaa!” Michelle had hit a branch and it scratched her across the face. She grabs her face with one hand then crashes into a tree. Harry stops then flies over to her to see if she was alright.

“Michelle, Michelle are you ok?” She mumbles something then pulls out her wand. She fires a stunning spell at Harry but misses. “Hey that’s cheating!” Harry pulls away as Michelle fires more spells. “I’m going back to the game to catch the Snitch.” Harry flies away as fast as possible not realizing how far they had gone into the Forbidden Forest.

“And Harry’s back but where is Michelle!?” The Gryffindor students cheer as the Ravenclaw students boo. “Harry is after the Snitch already! He’s been the greatest Seeker Gryffindor has seen in years and showing that he hasn’t lost his touch over the summer!” Harry was chasing after the Snitch not thinking about what Michelle was doing in the Forbidden Forest.

“Hello there Michelle.” Someone Apparate next to her in the Forbidden Forest. “Do you need help?” Michelle can barely see due to the bandages on her face and the scratches from hitting the branch. “I can help you win. Stand up.” Michelle does and moves a bandage out of the way.

“Wait, you’re a Death Eater!” Michelle points her wand at the Death Eater. “Stay back!”

“No, I am not a Death Eater anymore. I, was betrayed, so to speak.” Michelle lowers her wand. “I left after faking my death. I have something more important then following Lord Voldemort and that is beating Harry Potter!” He yells this as he gets his wand out. “Since I am dead to Lord Voldemort I need someone else to defeat him. I will use a spell that will make you stronger and faster, temporarily. All you have to do is promise to defeat Harry Potter and humiliate him for me.” He points his wand at Michelle. “So?”

“You’re not a Death Eater?” He nods. “Um, ok.” A green jet of magical energy comes out and hits Michelle.

“Hurry or Harry Potter will catch the Snitch!” Michelle grabs her broom and jumps on it before taking off. “Yes, defeat Harry, humiliate him.” With the crack of Apparating the person disappears.

“Wait, what’s this?” Michelle flies back onto the Quidditch field. “Michelle is back!” Ravenclaw students cheer. “With the game at 340 to 310 the person who catches the Snitch will win it all!”

“Three more scores and I can catch the Snitch.” Harry keeps an eye on Michelle wondering if she would attack him again.

“There goes Ginny and she scores! One more and if Harry catches the Snitch then Gryffindor will not only win the game they’ll take the point lead from Slytherin!” Slytherin students start to boo. “Whoa watch out there Michelle is after the Snitch!” Harry turns and sees Michelle diving down after him. This was why he tried to take Michelle out of the game. If he was forced to catch the Snitch before Gryffindor had 360 points then Slytherin would keep their lead.

“I’m back Harry and I’m going to win this!” Michelle has a wild look in her eyes as she goes for the Snitch.

“Ginny scores again off the assist from Bartholomew! This is it if Harry catches the Snitch Gryffindor wins and ties with Slytherin! One more score from Ginny or the other Chasers on Gryffindor and they will have the lead!” And that’s exactly what Harry wanted but Michelle was making it hard for him to do. “Ravenclaw scores and gets the Quaffle back off a steal! They score again! It is now 360 to 350!” Harry had to get the Snitch. A tie with Slytherin was better than a loss to Ravenclaw. He leans forward on his broom dodging a Bludger. Michelle leans forward on her broom and starts to catch up with Harry.

“You lose Harry!” Michelle has an idea on how to catch the Snitch. She shifts on her broom and puts a foot on her broom then puts a foot on Harry’s broom. “I win Harry!” Michelle launches herself from the brooms and reaches for the Snitch. Harry is stunned by what he sees.

“Michelle, no! What are you doing!?” Michelle misses the Snitch and falls towards the ground below. Harry has to make a choice. Does he let Michelle fall getting injured so he can wait to catch the Snitch or

does he catch her so she doesn't get injured? "I can't let this happen." Harry dives after Michelle and catches her only a few meters above the ground.

"Harry caught not the Snitch but he did catch something!" Harry sets Michelle down on the ground when she pulls her wand out. "Wait what is she doing!? No that's a disqualification!" Michelle had hit Harry with a stunning spell. "Wait, then that means this game ends without a Snitch being caught! Gryffindor wins 390 to 360!" Gryffindor students cheer.

"Get away from him!" Ginny had flown down and nearly tackled Michelle. "Harry are you ok?" Harry looks up and sees Ginny staring down at him. "Harry? Can you hear me?"

"Ouch." Harry had fallen off his broom after being hit with the stunning spell. "What happened?"

"Michelle got Ravenclaw disqualified. We won 390 to 360!" Ginny smiles glad they had won but Harry frowns. He wanted to break Slytherin's lead but had failed. "Harry we won!" The other Gryffindor students take the field celebrating the win after an incredible game. Michelle tried to leave but is stopped by a teacher. "Looks like Michelle is in trouble."

"Young lady a Quidditch game can get heated but using you wand to attack another player is going too far. Fifty points from Ravenclaw and a detention!" Headmaster McGonagall looks over and sees Harry being swarmed by the Gryffindor students. "If Harry had been hurt from falling off his broom you'd be losing a lot more points and be serving more detentions." Michelle is led off the field by Headmaster McGonagall.

Later that night the Gryffindor Common Room is a mess. The students had spent nearly the whole time partying. Hermione even went down to the kitchen using the Marauders Map and brought plenty of food and pumpkin juice. "I'm glad I got my homework done on Saturday." Harry was sitting in a chair with Hermione sitting on his lap.

“So am I. That was a great game. A little dirty though.” Hermione stares at Harry. “What happened in the Forbidden Forest?”

“Michelle got knocked off her broom. And I did do some dirty things but I wanted to wait to grab the Snitch.”

“Why?”

“So I could beat the Slytherin score. They have such a large lead already and I’m sure when they play Ravenclaw they will get a lot more points. With those brooms no one stands a chance.”

“You’re good Harry.”

“I’m great.” Harry and Hermione smile. “So are the others but those brooms are too good. Maybe I could buy brooms for the others.”

“Harry you can’t do that. Everyone knows the Slytherin are cheating. They could win the Quidditch Cup and no one will celebrate it but them. Just play as best you can and if you lose no one will blame you.” Hermione kisses Harry. “You won, you beat Ravenclaw, congratulations.”

“Yeah but I didn’t beat Slytherin.” Harry thinks about what he saw during the game and wonders if he should tell Hermione. “No, she doesn’t need to know. It couldn’t have been him.”

“What Harry?”

“Nothing. How about I get the invisibility cloak and we go somewhere alone so we can celebrate the win?” Hermione laughs and gets off of Harry’s lap so he can go up to his dorm room and get the cloak.

Chapter 7: Dueling Wands

Harry is sitting in Defense Against the Dark Arts class. “And so as things progressed the giants moved onto the mainland of Europe. The war with the giants ended and we were able to live in peace. Now who knows what spell was used to send the Giantess Grindergore and her husband Goregutz into a hysterical fit so they would kill each other?” Hermione raises her hand. “Of course you know Ms. Granger but does anyone else know?” Hermione scowls and lowers her hand. Ms. Night was beginning to remind her more and more of Professor Snape. “Anyone? Come on someone at least guess.” Harry raises his hand. “Someone not from Gryffindor? Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, you can’t rely on Gryffindor for everything.” No one raises their hand. “Very well. The wizard was Grindlewald. What else was Grindlewald known for?” Hermione raises her hand. “Not you. Five points from Gryffindor.”

“That’s not fair.” Neville speaks up. “You asked us a question and she wanted to answer.”

“Another five points from Gryffindor. I specifically told Ms. Granger not to answer any more questions but she just has to raise her hand. Now as long as you’re speaking out of turn what else was the wizard Grindlewald known for?” Neville gulps as he thinks of the answer. “Well?”

“Um, the mastermind behind the World War?”

“Which one?”

“Um, uh, the second one?”

“Very good, five points from Gryffindor. Next time know the answer and don’t guess. Or keep your mouth shut and don’t interrupt my class.” Ms. Night gets her wand out. “We will have a test on the giant wars on Friday. Until then I was told by Dumbledore to hand these out.” Ms. Night waves her wand and a pile of papers appear on her desk. “Since Dumbledore made a very good point in a staff meeting you will be getting real dueling lessons. Not some childish wand

waving like you learned your second year with Professor Lockhart but a true dueling lesson. A duel of wands and magic.”

“Um, why Professor Night?” A Hufflepuff asks a question hoping not to be yelled at.

“Because the Dark Lord, He Who Can Not Be Named, Voldemort,” Most of the students flinch. “Is back. You will not be fighting imps and fairies but other wizards and witches. Death Eaters will be your opponent not some silly Boggart. I understand some of you have already killed Death Eaters. Devin Stark, you killed several in your fifth year did you not?”

“Yes Professor.”

“How did you do it? What spells did you use to extinguish the life out of Voldemort’s followers?”

“I didn’t use spells.” Devin is uncomfortable with this. “They were killing younger students in the Great Hall. I went in and told them to stop or I would kill them. They tried to kill me but that only made me mad. I killed them to punish them for what they had done.” Devin’s voice is cold as he recounts what happened nearly two years ago. “I ripped their souls from there body and tore them apart. I apparently was able to take pieces from different Death Eaters to form a soul for myself.” Monica puts a hand on Devin’s arm.

“Devin stop it you’re scaring me.”

“So you did not duel? You used some special power you have to kill them? I would not rely on those for everything. Please come to the dueling lessons, all of you. Only open to you and the sixth year students. You will learn more about fighting the Dark Arts there. As I’ve already said in today’s age we are not fighting Giants or Dragons but other wizards.” She looks at the two tables the Slytherin sat at. “Mostly from the Slytherin house.” Then Ms. Night looks over at the Gryffindor’s. “But one notable name comes from Gryffindor. Ronald Weasley...” Harry stands up from the table shouting.

“Don’t speak that name! He’s a traitor and deserved to die!” Ms. Night smiles at Harry.

“Yes and his death sent his father over the edge. Arthur really believes that Voldemort can bring Ronald Weasley back to life.” Harry grabs for his wand wanting to shut Ms. Night up.

“Harry no.” Hermione grabs his arm.

“Mad about this Potter? That your friend would betray you to the man who killed your parents? To the man who tried to kill you? That then his father, someone you looked up to would betray you? This is what it was like for years when Voldemort walked the Earth before you were born. If you want to get revenge on people like this then go to the dueling classes. Dumbledore will be holding the classes in the Great Hall as these flyers tell you.”

“Harry sit down.” Hermione pulls Harry down into his seat then rubs her ring. She must be helping Arthur. She mentioned most of the Death Eaters came from Slytherin then talked about Ron and Arthur. Probably expects the Slytherin to write to their parents telling them about what Ms. Night said. “Ms. Night can we please discuss something else?”

“Yes Ms. Granger.” Ms. Night continues talking about giants and the war between them and wizards.

After class Harry and Hermione walk to the library to study for the upcoming test on giants. “I can’t believe she said that!” Harry was still angry. “Equating that bastard to his father. Arthur is putting his life on the line for Dumbledore.” Hermione shushes Harry.

“What if a Slytherin heard that? Harry Ms. Night is part of the Order. She was probably told to do that to help Arthur’s cover.” Hermione takes Harry’s hand in hers. “She knows Arthur is a good guy, I think.”

“What?”

“Maybe not all of the Order knows about Arthur. It would help keep his cover if only a few knew.”

"I guess. Thanks for saving me Mione. I wonder how many points she would have taken off for attacking her." Harry laughs nervously. "Are you going to the dueling lessons Mione?"

"Of course Harry. After the lessons Dumbledore gave me last year I might be able to help. You should come to Harry you are a good dueler." They get to the library and look for books on giants.

"I might. Maybe get a chance to duel Ms. Night and shut her up." Harry was starting to dislike Professor Night more than Professor Snape. When Hermione clears her throat Harry looks at her. "What Mione?"

"Don't open your connection to Voldemort. If Dumbledore is there Voldemort will feel his power, or lack of it."

"I don't need to use Voldemort's powers to fight Professor Night. I can take her with my own wand."

"Harry she's just as tough on you as all the Professor's are. I don't see why you dislike her so much." Hermione didn't like being punished simply for knowing an answer but Professor Night was still a Professor. "Do you blame her for Dumbledore stepping down?"

"No but I don't like what she does. Or what she says."

"She was saying that to help Arthur or she doesn't know about Dumbledore's plan." Hermione grabs a large leather bound book off of the shelf. "In depth on Grindlewald's actions in the giant war."

"She's evil!" Harry doesn't mean to shout this but does. "That explains why I don't like her. She, she keeps going on about Grindlewald and other dark wizards and what they did in the past. When she made us cover the Dark Lord Thrall and his influence on the Goblins in 1644 she kept going..." Hermione puts a hand over his mouth when Professor Night walks into the library.

“Rubbish.” Professor Night was returning a book. “Nothing about the Dark Lord Magnus and how he was the one who stopped the extinction of Gryphon’s.” She was returning a book on gryphon’s.

“See?” Harry and Hermione watch as Professor Night leaves the library. “She’s evil. Obsessed with Dark Lords.”

“You’re obsessed with Voldemort. So is Dumbledore and the Order. Maybe Professor Night likes to see both sides of an argument. She does have a point that Grindlewald help drive the giants out of England.”

“He did that so he could gain support for his take over. Professor Night is evil. She must be spying for Voldemort.” Harry starts to walk away from the library when Hermione grabs his arm.

“Harry what are you doing? You can’t attack her she’s a Professor!” Harry pulls his arm away from Hermione.

“I’m going to Dumbledore. How could he not see she is evil?” Harry storms off for Dumbledore’s office. Hermione runs after him trying to calm him down and explain to him that Professor Night couldn’t be evil.

“I don’t know the password.” Harry pounds on the door. “Let me in I need to speak to Professor Dumbledore!” The door doesn’t open. “Hermione think of Muggle treats while I use wizard treats.” They start naming candy when Hermione says “Jolly Rancher” and the doors open.

“Hello?” Dumbledore sees the door open. “I thought I was hearing things.” Dumbledore is standing next to Fawkes who was looking bad. “Ah Harry come to help me with Fawkes? He always seems to resurrect when you’re here.” And sure enough Fawkes burst into flames. “There we go.” Dumbledore goes over to his chair and sits down. “What are you here for?” Hermione and Harry start to talk at the same time. “One at a time please.”

“Professor Night is an agent for Voldemort!” Harry shouts at the top of his lungs at Dumbledore.

"No she isn't." Hermione stays calm.

"She covers nothing but how great past Dark Lord's are and she hates me! Not only that just today she was saying bad things about Arthur even though he's doing it for you!"

"She's a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher she's supposed to cover the former Dark Lords."

"She was interrogating Devin trying to get information for Voldemort on how he killed Death Eaters during his fifth year! She reveled in hearing how he killed Death Eaters! She's evil!" Harry and Hermione debate in front of Dumbledore in his office for several minutes.

"I see. While both arguments are well defended I believe there is something I should tell you both." Dumbledore gets his wand out. He waves it and a book appears. "As you will see she is a double agent."

"But, Dumbledore, you know she is working for Voldemort?" Dumbledore nods his head. Hermione hands the book to Harry and Harry sees pictures of Professor Night associating with Voldemort and Death Eaters. "How can you let her into the school? She could kill a student!"

"She wouldn't. As a double agent she has to make use believe she is on our side. Fortunately we had our own double agent in Voldemort's circle. We've been feeding her false information allowing us to capture Death Eaters. As long as the Order knows she is working for Voldemort we have the upper hand." Dumbledore reaches over and opens a glass jar. "Juice drop?"

"No thanks. She, she could, have spies or something. She could let in other Death Eaters into the school. She could hurt Harry and make it look like an accident. What if she has a monster in the class and it attacks Harry and it takes her a few extra seconds to get it off of Harry!?"

"She could but I know Harry can take care of himself. I have set things up so that I can get to the class in an instant. And with my seat

here I can make sure she does not bring any creatures a student could not handle. Like a River Gnoll.” Dumbledore looks at Harry.

“I don’t feel so bad about that now.”

“Harry what is on your mind?”

“Uh, nothing.”

“You do not feel comfortable telling me? Very well it is your own business. If you have no other worries you may leave.”

“Ok. Thank you for trusting us Dumbledore.” Harry then realizes how hypocritical that sounds as he stands up to leave. Dumbledore trusted them with Order information but he wouldn’t tell Dumbledore about what he had seen and heard while playing Quidditch. Of course it was impossible for Ron to be back. Unless Voldemort did bring Ron Weasley back in exchange for Arthur Weasley’s loyalty. Voldemort knew how since he was the previous owner of the Necronomicon. He only let Harry have the book so Harry would attempt to bring his parents back so Voldemort could use them for bargaining.

“I’m sorry Harry.” Hermione apologizes to Harry. “You were right she is evil. But Dumbledore knew about it already.” Hermione grabs his arm and stops him after they leave Dumbledore’s office. “What was Dumbledore talking about?” Harry ignores the question. “Harry what was Dumbledore talking about? What are you not telling him?”

“Nothing. It’s stupid and I didn’t want to bother him and I don’t want to bother you with it.” Harry tries to not talk about it but Hermione wasn’t going to let Harry not talk about it.

“Harry what is it? Did your scar hurt? Did you have a dream with Voldemort in it? Or is it that girl you keep seeing in your dreams?” Hermione has to walk faster as Harry tries to get away. “What is it!? Please tell me Harry. I don’t care if it is stupid I want to know.”

“Mione trust me you don’t want to know.”

“Is it about me? Harry I know we haven’t been able to do much together but with NEWTs and patrols and the meetings...” Harry interrupts Hermione with a kiss on the lips.

“It’s not you.” Harry smiles at Hermione. “Believe me Hermione it isn’t about you. Everything else is though.” Harry kisses her again. “Like what to get you for Christmas.”

“Christmas is months away Harry.”

“Yes but when I can give you anything you want I have to choose what is best.” Harry kisses her glad Hermione had forgotten about what they were talking about. “And NEWTs, don’t worry Mione. You could miss every class and still pass them.” Hermione gives him a stare.

“It isn’t about passing it is about doing my best. If I decide to become a teacher or an Auror I don’t want to be the teacher who just passed but the one who did the best on their tests.”

“As long as you don’t become the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.” They both laugh.

“It’s not cursed. I’ll become a teacher just to prove it to you!” They both laugh again. “What about you Harry?”

“Quidditch, if Voldemort is gone.” Harry’s words turn the mood between the two. “If not I’ll become an Auror.”

“Then I will to.”

“Mione I’d rather you be the DADA teacher it would be safer.” Harry takes Hermione’s hand in his. “And I don’t want you in danger. You’re an amazing witch but when under pressure, in the face of danger, you don’t do well.” Hermione squeezes his hand hard. “I don’t have any wood.”

“That was our first year.” Hermione rolls her eyes. “I didn’t panic when I discovered what the monster was our second year.” Hermione gives a smug look at Harry.

"That is true Mione. But I'd still rather you become a teacher or something else rather than be an Auror." They continue walking back to the library to study for the giants test on Friday.

That Saturday after lunch Harry and Hermione were wondering what to do. Halloween was the next day so the feast was coming up. "I don't want to go. I always gain a kilo or two." Hermione grabs at her stomach and pulls on a little bit of skin. "If I run a lot during the dueling lesson maybe I'll be able to work this off and be ready for the feast tomorrow."

"Mione if you're fat then I'm bigger than Hagrid." Harry laughs. "If you joined me and the Gryffindor Quidditch team in training you wouldn't have to worry about that." Harry kisses Hermione.

"I can't fly and I'm in great shape. Most wizards and witches couldn't run to save their life." Hermione had joined Harry and the Gryffindor Quidditch team when they did laps to work on their stamina. She just didn't always run with them for the whole time. "Worried about your match against Hufflepuff?"

"Of course not. If they don't go the way of Slytherin we'll beat them. I'm just worried about how many points Slytherin will score against Ravenclaw and how to keep Hufflepuff from grabbing the Snitch."

"Don't do anything like you did last time Harry. It was ruddy awful sitting with Ravenclaw in Arithmancy."

"I wouldn't know because I don't have that class."

"But your girlfriend does." Hermione kisses Harry. "Worried about tonight? Who do you think you'll get partnered with?"

"I don't know. I'd love to duel Professor Night. Put her in her place." Harry didn't like that Professor Night made comments about Hagrid on Friday before, during, and after the test. "I can't believe Dumbledore is letting that Death Eater teach us." Harry squeezes Hermione's hand.

“Who better to teach about the Dark Arts than someone who is, well, dark?” Hermione doesn’t like Harry’s look. “Besides as long as Dumbledore knows she is working for Voldemort then nothing bad will happen.” They continue to talk as they go to the Common Room.

“I hate you!” A fifth year Gryffindor student storms out of the Common Room after fighting with her boyfriend.

“Wow Hermione I’m glad we’re never like that.”

“Harry we didn’t speak to each other for how long after the fight we had?” Harry looks away. “But we aren’t like that now.” They walk over to a couch and sit down in it. “Harry, if you do duel Professor Night, don’t hurt her. She’s still a Professor even if she is,” Hermione leans in and whispers to Harry. “A Death Eater.” Hermione clears her throat and pulls away when a couple students stare at her. “And that’s why we should go to the dueling lessons tonight.”

“Ok.” Harry smiles as Hermione cover story seems to work. “But I’ll still beat you Mione.”

“In your wildest dreams Harry.” Harry leans in and whispers into Hermione’s ear.

“You’re always in my dreams.” Harry laughs as Hermione blushes. No she isn’t. The voice! That other woman dominates your dreams. Although I don’t believe they are dreams Harry.

“Harry?” Hermione notices the blank look on Harry’s face. She waves a hand in front of his face but he doesn’t move.

She has a connection to you even deeper than that of your connection to Voldemort. You remember the dreams of being in a different place. Surrounded by children you’ve never met. It was an orphanage, her orphanage. You’ve been seeing what she sees since you were a little boy. “No, that can’t be. I mean, those dreams, they weren’t that.” Harry you used to trust me. “I still do.” Harry was in a trance as he and the voice spoke. She says she’s your sister and I believe her. Do you believe her?” Harry only nods his head. Good. Tonight you will attempt to contact her. It works both ways you know.

Although I am sure she thinks of her dreams as nightmares the way the Dursleys treated you.

“Harry!” Hermione shakes Harry but he doesn’t snap out of the trance. “Monica, I need Monica.” Hermione runs to the girls’ dormitory rooms looking for Monica who could see if Harry was being possessed.

You must contact her and tell her you saw and heard from Ronald Weasley! She will tell Voldemort and he will know that he is still alive. “No, he’s dead.” He isn’t! He contacted you and that poor Ravenclaw Seeker, she met him. He gave her power and controlled her. That is why she attacked you. “Ok. I, I’ll contact my sister and tell her Ron is still alive. But how do I do that? I’ve never been able to talk to her.” Concentrate. When you go to sleep you must concentrate on her face! On her voice! You will make the connection and then you will be able to talk to her. “Ok, I’ll do that. Tonight I’ll do that.” Harry shakes his head and realizes Hermione and Monica are standing over him frantic.

“How can you be sure? He won’t answer me! He just went into a trance!” Hermione shakes Monica.

“I’m ok.” Harry stands up. “It wasn’t Voldemort.” Harry looks at Hermione. “How long was I out?”

“About ten minutes Harry. What was it? If it wasn’t Voldemort what was it?” Hermione sits down next to Harry on the couch. Hermione puts her hands on his shoulders and looks him in the eyes.

“I, Hermione, not here.” Harry looks at Monica. Hermione nods understanding what Harry meant.

“Oh I see I’m good enough to make sure he isn’t possessed by Voldemort but not good enough to know what was wrong with him.” Monica walks away from the two muttering to herself.

“Follow me.” Harry gets off the couch and Hermione follows him. They leave the Gryffindor Common Room and after walking down several halls and staircases Harry and Hermione get to a secret

passage to Hogsmeade. Once they go inside Harry grabs Hermione by the shoulders. "The voice!"

"What?"

"The voice! He, he told me how to contact my sister!" Hermione doesn't understand what Harry means.

"Wait, you mean that voice you keep hearing?" Harry nods. "But, you don't, you don't have a sister."

"I do! It's the girl I've been seeing, in my dreams. The voice told me it was my sister and that I have to tell her that Ron is still alive!" Hermione's reaction tells Harry he shouldn't have said that last part.

"What? He's alive?"

"I, I think, yes." Harry explains to Hermione what had happened during the Quidditch match. "And apparently the voice wants me to tell my sister that so she can tell Voldemort."

"Why would Voldemort want to know?" Harry shrugs his shoulders. "Harry maybe you shouldn't tell her."

"What? Why?"

"Because Harry if Voldemort wants to know then maybe he shouldn't know." Harry stares at Hermione. "Think about it Harry. If Voldemort wants to know then he probably shouldn't."

"But the voice told me to tell my sister. My voice, whatever it is, has never led me wrong. He's helped me, he's warned me, he's told me what to do." Hermione's stare shows Harry he wasn't making headway. "Hermione I have to tell her. She was, is, my sister."

"Never trust anything if you can't see where its brain is. Remember? Our second year and the diary?"

"I trust him. I, I don't know why I went into a trance though. He usually just talks to me with no problem."

"You went into a trance. I shook you and you didn't respond. Harry maybe you should tell Dumbledore about the voice."

"No, he, he doesn't need to know about this. Mione I'm sorry I scared you I didn't mean to." Harry kisses Hermione lightly on the lips. "If you're not tired maybe we could go into Hogsmeade and..." Hermione puts a finger on Harry's lips to make him stop talking.

"We have dueling lessons tonight."

"Oh, right. Well, let's do something after that. Maybe the Muggle Studies room?" Harry smiles at Hermione.

"Maybe. If you do well at the dueling classes I'll reward you." Hermione kisses Harry hard and they snog for several minutes not caring about what had just happened moments before.

Less than an hour later they are headed to the Great Hall for the dueling lessons. "Harry if you want your reward you can't hurt Professor Night." Hermione kisses Harry on the cheek.

"If I even get to duel with her. If Dumbledore is teaching this class then he won't dare let me duel Professor Night." They enter the Great Hall and see a strange scene. All the chairs and tables had been moved to the walls. In their place were several rubber mats and some students milling around them. "I guess they're ready for flying bodies." The two walk to the others.

"Hello Harry, Hermione." Luna Lovegood was talking with Ginny and Monica when she saw Harry and Hermione. "Have you come to learn or teach? I doubt either one of you need lessons."

"Well we don't know. There's always more to learn no matter how much you've learned. I'm sure Dumbledore learns something new every year and he's over a hundred years old."

"Ah close Harry." Harry and the others turn around and see Dumbledore and Professor Night coming into the Great Hall. "But telling others about my age is not a polite thing to do." Dumbledore

smiles to show he was joking with Harry. "I am glad so many have come to learn."

"Of course they came these are dark days." Harry stares at Professor Night who had taken the lead. "First, I understand you had mediocre lessons your second year." Several students nod.

"But now you shall get proper training in wand dueling. What is one of the first things that you do before a duel?" A sixth year Hufflepuff student raises his hand. "Yes?"

"Um, you bow?" Dumbledore chuckles.

"Do you believe a Death Eater will bow before killing you?" The sixth year Hufflepuff appears to shrink trying not to be noticed. "No you must make a strategy and study your environment. If you are in a hallway or in the Forbidden Forest will play a great deal on how you duel."

"Exactly Professor Dumbledore." Professor Night was taking control again. "Here we have plenty of room so environment will not play a part on the duels. What is next?" Neville Longbottom raises his hand.

"You uh, attack?"

"Close." Dumbledore was leading again. "If your opponent has cast a shield charm you will not be able to strike them with weak spells. If they are a giant, half giant, werewolf, vampire, or some other form of strong magical being you will also be needing more powerful spells. Your average stunning spell will do nothing to someone like our Care of Magical Creatures Professor. If you are dueling with a werewolf who has not transformed he will resist most rudimentary spells. So you must know your opponent." Harry raises his hand.

"What if you don't know your opponent?"

"Then assume they are a half giant who was bitten by a werewolf." Professor Night answered. "You must use your most powerful spells if you can manage them. But in the heat of battle a quick, weak, spell

can be more useful than a spell that while powerful takes time to cast.”

“Who here has dueled with another wizard before?” Several students raised their hands. “Very good. Who here has dueled for their lives?” Harry and Devin raise their hands. “I thought so. Harry, Devin, step forward.” Harry and Devin follow Dumbledore’s orders. “You will duel each other. You will not kill and please refrain from hurting each other.” Dumbledore backs away. “Begin.” Harry and Devin look at each other a little stunned. This was sudden. Harry reaches for his wand as does Devin as both prepare to attack.

“Expelliarmus!” Harry gets his spell off first but Devin ducks and fires back a spell of his own.

“Impedimenta!” Harry jumps out of the way. “Faster then I thought Harry. If I can fight Death Eaters I can stop you.”

“I fought Death Eaters to.” They circle each other wondering what to use on the other teen wizard. “Firol Dybolis!” Harry uses a spell he had used before. Devin drops to the rubber mat and the spell misses him. “Firol Dybolis!” Devin rolls out of the way then returns fire.

“Aquios Jettus!” Like water being fired out of a hose Devin aims at Harry but Harry dodges the spell. The water continues to spray and covers students who were watching.

“Very good!” Professor Night appeared to be having a good time and claps her hands as the two teens continue to duel.

“Devin, you’re good, I’m better.” Harry fires a leg locker curse but Devin dodges it. “Let’s see what you do now!” Harry waves his wand. “Sholo Willo!” The wall forms in front of Harry.

“Hiding? I’ll just blast through it.” Devin fires several powerful spells but the magical wall stays up.

“You can’t get through Devin. But I know a way.” Harry smiles. “Lumos!” Harry points his wand at Devin’s face. The bright light shines out and hits Devin in the face blinding him.

"Enough." Dumbledore claps his hands. "Very good you two, ten points to Gryffindor." Harry and Devin go back to the other students. "But what were some of the things they did wrong?" Hermione raises her hand.

"Harry and Devin should have done a defensive spell earlier. To limit the choice of spells they had to cast.

"Yes, Harry and Devin should have thought about defense. What was something they did right?" Ginny raises her hand.

"Um, they didn't use an Unforgivable Curse?"

"No." Professor Night takes over. "They studied each other as they dueled. Harry was too fast for a spell that took time to cast so Devin stuck to shorter casting spells. Harry realized Devin would dodge any attack so he lured him into a false sense of security. Devin could not hit Harry so Devin thought Harry could not hit him. But that Lumos spell would have blinded Devin long enough for Harry to drop his shield and use a different spell." There is some muffled noises from the students who were impressed by what they had missed. "Now there are other spells that would pass through his shield spell. Harry stand in front of your wall." Harry walks over and stands in front of his wall spell. "Say I were to cast a spell like..." Professor Night whips her wand out and points it at Harry. "Imperio!" There are gasps as Professor Night uses an Unforgivable Curse. "As you see he is under my control."

"I don't think so." Harry could feel the Imperius Curse but was about to throw it off when he got an idea.

"Now how about I make him run into a wall?" Professor Night waves her wand and makes Harry run into a wall. "You see? His shield spell was powerful but this curse has made him my puppet. What shall I have him do next?" Professor Night waves her wand.

"Now." Harry raises his wand and points it at Professor Night. He starts to twitch trying to make it look as though he were trying to fight

the curse. "Crucio!" The spell hits Professor Night and she screams in pain.

"You attacked me! That was an Unforgivable Curse! One thousand points from Gryffindor!"

"What? No, I, you made me do that!" Harry fakes shock and anger. "I can't believe you made me do that! You're a Professor! I, I was letting you show the others since this is a class I didn't think you'd make me do that!" Harry backs away from Professor Night. "I could have thrown it off but I wanted you to prove your point!" Harry points his wand at Professor Night when she points her wand at him. "Stop you've proved your point!"

"You attacked me and now you're lying! Another one thousand, no, two thousand points and I'm contacting the ministry!" Professor Night waves her wand. "Expelliarmus!" Harry dodges the spell.

"Stupify!" Professor Night doesn't dodges the spell and is hit. She falls backwards.

"Stop!" Dumbledore has his wand out and points it at Harry. "Harry stop or I won't give Gryffindor its three thousand points back." Harry lowers his wand. "Professor Night I believe you were the one to use an Unforgivable Curse first. If you are contacting the Ministry I will contact them first. Gryffindor is given its three thousand points back and this class is ended." Professor Night stands up mouth agape. "Come with me Professor Night." Dumbledore leads Professor Night out of the Great Hall.

"Harry are you ok?" Hermione, Ginny, and Monica go over to Harry to check on him. Harry nods.

"It takes more than that to keep me down."

"Harry why didn't you throw it off? You know she's a..." Hermione stops. "You know what."

"She's a Professor Harry should have been safe." Ginny looks Harry in the eyes. "Are you sure you're ok?"

"I'm fine. I just wasn't expecting her to do that. If I had known I would have thrown the curse off."

"Harry that was very dangerous." Devin walks over. "I know." Harry looks at Devin quizzically. "About that last spell."

"Oh." Harry's aura had given Harry away. Devin could see Harry was under his own control and had lied when he said Professor Night made him cast the Cruciates Cures. "Mione we should go back."

"Ok Harry." Hermione and Harry leave the Great Hall hand in hand.

Two hours later Harry and Hermione were under the Invisibility Cloak heading to the Muggle Studies room where the Muggle house was. "Filch is near the Slytherin Common Room, his cat is near the astronomy Tower about to catch two fifth year students." Harry laughs quietly as he uses the Marauders Map to make sure they weren't caught by Filch and his cat Mrs. Norris.

"They should be in their rooms."

"Mione we're sneaking to the Muggle Studies room. They're probably just snogging while we..." Hermione puts a hand over his mouth.

"I know Harry but we're seventh year students. If we do get caught we can say we're doing patrols."

"Using the Invisibility Cloak?"

"So students don't see us." Hermione had it planned out already.

A few minutes later they get to the Muggle Studies room and enter it. They go into the Muggle house before taking off the Invisibility Cloak. "I remember the last time we were here."

"I do to." Hermione and Harry go up the stairs to the Muggle bedroom. "Harry you did good. After Professor Night attacked you I thought you would have hurt her but you held back. So I thought for your reward..." Hermione kisses Harry as they fall onto the bed.

Several hours later Harry falls asleep next to Hermione. He is holding on to her spooning. He dreams about Hermione completely forgetting about contacting his sister. Exactly what Hermione wanted.

Chapter 8: Frozen Tozen

November came with a blizzard. Care of Magical Creatures was being held indoors. To keep the students warm Hagrid had brought Flame Elementals. "Now these little guys are used like pets by some. Many consider 'em to dangerous but they just be misunderstood."

"Misunderstood?" Harry looks over at Hermione. "Isn't that what he said about dragons?" Hermione nods. "I don't see this going well."

"Now they don't really eat. They like to burn things they do. But if they consider you to be a keeper of sorts they won't burn you." Hagrid reaches towards one then pulls his hand back quickly. "The real problem is tellin' one from the other." Hagrid looks at the several Flame Elementals looking for a certain one. "Come on, which one of you is Norbie?" One Flame Elemental comes over to Hagrid. "Ah there we go." Hagrid picks one up. "They are right useful in winter. Can start a fire for you an be able to keep you warm if it be cold out." The Flame elemental moves up Hagrid's arm and doesn't burn his clothes. "What you're doin today is taken one of 'em and feedin it. They do get a bit bigger but if you can control 'em they will stay the size you want 'em to be." The students go up to Hagrid but don't know how to pick the Flame elementals up.

"Hagrid how do we pick them up?" Harry feels the heat coming off of the Flame Elementals.

"Oh just put yer hand down and wait for one to come to ya. Let them choose you makes it easier." Harry sets his hand down.

"Hermione do you know a healing spell for burns?"

"No but I'm sure Madam Pomfrey does." Hermione nervously lowers her hand and waits for a Flame Elemental to choose her. Several other students put a hand down hoping not to be burned.

"Please don't burn me." Harry sees a Flame Elemental comes over to Harry. It looks down at his hand. Harry feels like his hand is about to burn when suddenly it gets cool. The Flame Elemental gets on Harry's hand.

“Good job Harry!” Hagrid watches as the other students get Flame Elementals. “Now don’t be too surprised they aren’t that finicky. They’re probably just wantin to burn something. I got some wood chips you can feed ‘em.” Hagrid pulls two bags up and dumps out wood chips. “Just take a handful and go to a stool.” The students grab wood chips and go over to the stools with their Flame Elementals.

“Harry be careful.” Hermione points to Harry’s arm and Harry sees his robe had been singed by the Flame Elemental. “Give it another wood chip.” Harry does. “These things aren’t that bad or dangerous.”

“Yeah. Not as useful as an Owl though.”

“And not as nice as Crookshanks. Can’t exactly pet these guys while studying.” Hermione feeds another chip to her Flame Elemental.

“Whoa, I’m having a weird feeling.” Harry shakes his head. “Is it making me hot?” Harry isn’t sweating but feels strange. Suddenly an image flashes in his mind. He is in a different room with a Flame Elemental. His arms are smaller, skinnier. He is taller though. Harry is feeding the Flame Elemental but no one else has one. The image changes to the same Flame Elemental which has gotten bigger.

“Get him, burn him, come back.” The Flame Elemental shrinks down then goes under a door. Harry hears a scream then the Flame Elemental comes back out. “Good, good.”

“Voldemort.” Harry shakes his head as the image goes away. “Was that Voldemort?”

“Harry?” Hermione leans over. “What’s wrong?”

“I, I just had something, I don’t know what it was.” Harry looks down at the Flame Elemental in his hand and the strange feeling comes back. “Mione I think Voldemort had a pet Flame Elemental when he was in Hogwarts.” Harry feels his scar tingle. “I know he did.”

“What? Harry what do you mean?”

"I just saw some of Voldemort's memories. He, he had one of these when he went to Hogwarts."

"Harry you should tell Dumbledore. If, if you're having Voldemort's memories then, then the connection is still open."

"I don't need to bother Dumbledore with this. It wasn't like Voldemort was trying to possess me." Harry continues feeding his Flame Elemental wondering why he had Voldemort's memory. Was it because Voldemort missed his pet? Harry wonders how long Flame Elementals lived. Harry raises his hand.

"Yes Harry?"

"How long do these live?"

"Oh that's really disputed. I think they can live forever but they 'ave to be careful. Water kills 'em easily."

"So Voldemort could still have it or it could have died." Harry raises his hand again. "Hagrid how do these things breed?"

"Two or more merge and split apart into several more. Interesting aren't they? Wanted to bring 'em last year but wasn't allowed, too dangerous they said. They just misunderstood creatures."

"Hagrid you said the same thing about dragons and I remember a Hungarian Horntail trying to kill me."

"That wasn't his fault. He was made to do that." Harry rolls his eyes at that. Leave it to Hagrid to make an excuse for a Hungarian Horntail that had tried to eat him in his fourth year.

After class Hermione stops Harry before he goes to the Gryffindor Common Room. "Harry, I still think you should tell Dumbledore."

"Why? It was just a memory."

“Because it was a Voldemort memory. The connection could put all of us in danger.” Hermione was getting exasperated.

“So I should go to Dumbledore? Let Voldemort get close to Dumbledore? I don’t think so Mione.”

“Oh, um, I could tell Dumbledore.”

“Or you could help me with our Defense Against the Dark Arts homework.” Professor Night had dumped a lot of homework on the students after the dueling class. She also made sure to take points off of Gryffindor for the slightest thing. One time she took ten points off of a third year student for blinking too much during dinner. Everyone in Gryffindor heard about that one.

“Actually you could probably help me with that one Harry. I don’t know as much about fighting another person as you do.”

“Its just casting spells until one lands.”

“But how do you decide to use which spells? Like when you dueled with Devin you waited to put the wall up. Why? And how did you know a Lumos would make it through?”

“It goes through Protego shields so I assumed it would go through a Sholo Willo shield.” Harry looks at the Fat lady. “Bravo.”

“Oh thank you I know I’m a great actress.” The portrait hole swings open and Harry and Hermione walk into a freezer.

“What’s going on!?” Hermione looks around and sees the Gryffindor Common Room is empty. “Who did this!?” Hermione sees all the windows are open. Even the ones near the ceiling that no student could reach. “Peeves!” Hermione gets her wand out. “They need to get rid of that, that, Olohamaro!” Hermione yells this at all of the windows closing them. “It’s freezing in here.” Hermione shivers. “And the fire went out.” Hermione walks over to it then stops. “Wait, not Peeves.”

“What?” Harry walks after Hermione.

"In Hogwarts a History it says the fires in the Common Rooms are magical. Why there's never been a fire in a Common Room. But they don't go out with water or something. Peeves couldn't have put the fires out."

"Well then a student did it. A stupid joke. Probably Ginny since the Twins haven't been here to through Dung Bombs and things." Harry gets his wand out. "Inferneo!" A red beam of magical energy comes out of his wand but the fire doesn't light.

"Harry you can't start one in there. I think only the Headmaster can." Hermione bites her bottom lip as she thinks. "And I don't think a student could have put the fire out either. Harry we should go to Headmaster McGonagall and tell her what happened. This could be the work of Death Eaters."

"Or Voldemort." Harry rubs his scar. "Maybe that's why my scar tingled and why I got those memories because he was close."

"Voldemort couldn't have come to Hogwarts. There's nearly three feet of snow out there and all of the defenses that Dumbledore has set up." Hermione looks around hoping she was right. "And if he did come here why did he do this? Why not just attack the school?"

"With all of the teachers and Dumbledore? No way. Wait, it, it could have been Professor Night."

"Why though? Its cold in here but that isn't a big deal."

"Maybe, um, what magical creature needs things to be cold?" Hermione's eyes get wide as she understands where Harry is going with this.

"Or maybe she doesn't want the, the Dementors to be discovered. The first sign of a Dementor..." Harry finishes Hermione sentence.

"Is everything gets cold as it sucks everything into itself." Harry gets his wand out. "We have to check the Dorm rooms."

“Good idea Harry but we need to tell Headmaster McGonagall.” Hermione bites her lower lip. “Harry call for Dobby.”

“Dobby?” Harry doesn’t know why Hermione would want him to call for Dobby but when he says Dobby the House Elf appears.

“Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir?”

“Dobby could you tell Headmaster McGonagall that the Gryffindor Common Room may have been infiltrated by a Death Eater.” Dobby nods then apparates away to Headmaster McGonagall’s office. “Harry should we go together or one in each Dorm tower?”

“Together.” Harry wasn’t going to let Hermione face a Dementor alone if there were indeed Dementors in the castle. They go to the entrance to the boys’ dorm tower and go up the stairs slowly. Harry knocks on the door to the 1st year dorm room then opens the door. “Nothing.” Harry closes it.

“Harry we would feel our happy thoughts and emotions being sucked out if we got close to one.”

“I know but with Voldemort’s powers he might have done something to make the Dementors more dangerous.”

“More dangerous? How?”

“Make it so they’d have to do a Dementor’s Kiss to get anything.” Harry knocks on the next door then opens it. “Empty.” They go through until they get to his dorm room. He knocks on the door and hears a noise. “Mione stay back.” Harry opens the door slowly and sees someone in the dorm room. “Locomoto Mortis!” The spell hits the person and they’re legs lock up.

“Hey what was that for!” Devin whips his wand out and points it at Harry. “Harry why did you attack me?!”

“I, um, sorry Devin.” Harry lowers his wand. “Devin what are you doing? Do you know who opened the windows and put the fire out?” Devin shakes his head. “What are you doing?”

“Getting some sun screen so I can get a tan.” Devin stares at Harry. “I’m getting a sweater you dolt.” Devin pulls one out and puts it on over his shirt. “If you haven’t noticed its cold in the Common Room.”

“So you haven’t seen or, um, felt anything?”

“No. Should I have?” Harry shrugs his shoulders.

“According to Hermione The History of Hogwarts says that the Common Room fires can’t be put out easily so we thought someone had put it out. Someone working for Voldemort.”

“Harry how could someone like that get in the castle?” Harry looks away but his feelings give him away to Devin’s special powers. “There is someone in the castle? Or you just suspect someone?”

“We can’t tell you.”

“So there is a Death Eater in the castle or you suspect one is in the castle. Interesting.” Devin closes his eyes. “Hmmm, now that you mention it there appears to be a hole in Hermione’s room.”

“A hole?” Hermione and Harry don’t understand what Devin meant. “In my room?” Devin nods.

“I’d say let me take care of it but I can’t get into the girls’ dorm room. Damn Dementors.”

“So there are Dementors in the castle?” Devin nods. “Harry lets go.” Hermione and Harry start to leave the dorm room when Devin stops them.

“Harry can’t go up there remember? No boys’ are allowed up the stair case. Unless you’re secretly a girl Harry then Hermione is going on her own.” Harry smiles and decides he could trust Devin with a secret.

“Devin a boy can go up the staircase if you know how to do it. Just go to the entrance and politely ask them to let you up.”

“Really?” Harry nods. “This castle has many secrets doesn’t it?” Harry nods again.

“You have no idea Devin. There are things that Dumbledore probably doesn’t know.” Harry thinks of the tunnels that go out to Hogsmeade. “Just a couple years ago he found the Room of Requirements.” Harry remembers hearing Dumbledore telling Karkaroff during the Yule Ball about it. “Devin you said you know how to kill them right?” Devin nods. “What’s the spell?”

“You’ll never be able to do it Harry.”

“I can do it just tell me.”

“Harry believe me you won’t be able to do it.”

“If I can do a Patronus Charm in my third year I can do whatever spell you have.” Devin is about to respond when they hear a voice. “Headmaster McGonagall made it.” Harry, Hermione, and Devin leave the boys’ dorm tower and see Headmaster McGonagall restarting the Gryffindor Common Room fire.

“What is going on here!?” Headmaster McGonagall sees the three coming down the stairs. “What happened here?”

“There’s a Dementor in Hermione’s room.” Devin and the other two hurry over to the fire where it was warm.

“A Death Eater did this.” Harry watches Headmaster McGonagall’s face wondering if she knew about Professor Night. Headmaster McGonagall was part of the Order so she should know.

“I see. I shall get rid of the Dementor.” Headmaster McGonagall starts to head for the girls’ dorm tower when Devin stops her.

“Headmaster McGonagall can you kill it or just scare it off?”

“Devin to kill a Dementor is unheard of.”

“So that’s a no.” Devin laughs a little. “I’ll kill it.”

“It is in the girls’ dormitory therefore you are unable to get to it let alone kill it which is impossible.” Headmaster McGonagall was about to be proven wrong on both counts. Devin goes over to the entrance and asks it politely like Harry told him to. He then takes a step and isn’t repelled so he goes up the staircase.

“But, but, that is just simply not possible.” Headmaster McGonagall chases after Devin until she feels the effects of a Dementor. “Devin Stark I order you to come back here this instant!” Devin ignores Headmaster McGonagall and continues up to the Seventh Year Dorm Room. Headmaster McGonagall yells at Devin again to come back but he yells back at her.

“Listen you poor excuse for a Headmaster I will not just scare the Dementor I will kill it!” Devin’s eyes flash with a black anger as he storms into the room with his wand out. “Effecto Terrior!” A black jet of magical energy shoots out of the end of Devin’s wand and hits the Dementor. The Dementor turns towards Devin but can’t see, or “feel” Devin. “Die you despicable creature!” The Dementor starts to swell. “I hate you! I hate you and you!” Devin points at Headmaster McGonagall. “I’ll kill you all then I’ll be able...”

“Devin Stark stop that!” Headmaster McGonagall points her wand at Devin who was getting ready to attack her. “What is the matter with you?” Headmaster McGonagall doesn’t get an answer as the Dementor sweeps towards Devin. “Devin look out!” Devin doesn’t move and surprisingly the Dementor passes by him! Instead it goes for Headmaster McGonagall.

“Stop that you despicable creature and die already!”

“Expecto Pa...” Headmaster McGonagall doesn’t complete the spell as the Dementor explodes.

“There we go.” Devin drops his wand then collapses onto the floor.

“Devin stark I demand an answer from you!” Headmaster McGonagall has the sternest look on her face.

"I'm sorry Headmaster McGonagall but I had to think of the most evil and vile things. I had to make myself as evil and vile as a Dementor. Haven't you ever wondered why Dementors never attack each other?" Devin shakes his head. "And then I sent all that evil into the Dementor and the Dementor couldn't handle that much evil." Devin coughs. "Anyone have some chocolate?"

"You'll come with me to my office I am sure Professor Dumbledore will have some chocolate for you to eat." Headmaster McGonagall leads Devin down the staircase and they leave the Gryffindor Common Room.

"Wow." Hermione and Harry had gone up the staircase after Headmaster McGonagall and Devin left. "I guess Devin was right Harry you couldn't have done that spell." Hermione looks around her room. "Why did it choose my room?"

"You're my girlfriend why else? And I, I could have done that spell. I have a connection to the most evil person in the world."

"Not according to Monica." Harry looks at Hermione with a strange look. "She told me about this Cheney who eats babies. He has heart problems because the baby fat clogged his arteries."

"That is messed up." Harry shivers. "It's still cold."

"Very cold. How about we go down by the fire and keep each other warm?" Hermione smiles at Harry.

"Ok. One question though, where is everyone?" Hermione shrugs her shoulders. "That answers my question."

"They could be at the Great Hall or somewhere else staying warm. Maybe they didn't want to stay in the Common Room when it is so cold." Hermione and Harry go to the fire and sit down in front of it and hold on to each other to get warm.

A few minutes later Ginny and Monica walk into the Gryffindor Common Room. "Look Monica." Ginny points at Harry and Hermione

who were still holding on to each other in front of the Gryffindor Common Room fire. "Aren't they adorable?" Monica nods.

"Why is it so cold in here?" Ginny shrugs. "How about we go up to your room before anyone comes back?"

"Ok." Ginny and Monica stay away from Harry and Hermione and go up to Ginny's room to make each other warm.

Crack. "Aaaa!" Harry and Hermione jump when Dobby Apparates into the Gryffindor Common Room.

"Mister Harry Potter Sir Mister Dumbledore wants you to go to his office." Dobby looks at Hermione. "You too Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am." Dobby Apparates away.

"Think this is about Professor Night or Devin?" Harry stands up then helps Hermione up. "Maybe Dumbledore will tell us something about the Order. We are adults now and I am the one Voldemort wants."

"I don't know Harry we might be adults but we are still students." Hermione looks around. "I'm surprised no one else has come in yet."

"We're students but I've fought Voldemort himself. You said before the only other wizard to duel with Voldemort and live was Dumbledore. I fought Death Eaters in my fifth year and last year I was face to face with Voldemort again." Harry is frustrated as Hermione and he leave the Gryffindor Common Room for Dumbledore's office in Headmaster McGonagall's office.

"There you are." Argus Filch was waiting for the two in front of the Headmaster office. "Took you two long enough. Probably dropping Dung Bombs in the corridor on your way here." Filch turns to the doors and gives the password. "Snickers Bar." The gargoyles move out of the way and the doors open.

"Um, thank you Filch." Harry and Hermione go into the office wondering why Filch had been guarding the door. Harry and Hermione walk over to Dumbledore's desk seeing Dumbledore looking over his Pensive.

"Hello Harry, Hermione." Dumbledore closes the Pensive. "We have a very important thing to discuss." Dumbledore sits down at his desk. "Please sit." Hermione and Harry sit down.

"Is this about Devin?"

"Is this about Professor Night?"

"Neither." Both Harry and Hermione look at each other then back at Dumbledore. "There is someone else in this school that is a threat." Harry and Hermione's eyes get wide.

"But, who, Snape?"

"No Harry. Professor Snape is on our side. There is someone in this school that was able to get a Dementor into the school without Headmaster McGonagall or I being notified. They are either very powerful or being controlled by someone very powerful." Dumbledore gets his wand out and casts a spell. "Silao." The door glows. "We can not let anyone hear this."

"Is that why Filch is guarding the door?" Dumbledore nods. "Who do you think it is Dumbledore?"

"I have three guesses and all of them are impossible. Voldemort would not dare come close to the school." Harry touches his scar.

"Dumbledore, during, during Care of Magical Creatures my scar hurt and I had memories, Voldemort's memories. Maybe he was at the castle." Dumbledore shakes his head. "But then how could that have happened?"

"Voldemort was using his powers and he may have been using them here but he would not be here himself. He would possess someone much like he did with Professor Quirrel or tried with you."

"But, then, why?"

“Isn’t it obvious Harry? Voldemort wants this castle. The power this castle gives is amazing. It’s probably why I have lived so long.” Dumbledore smiles. “And of course this is where you are. You still drain his powers. If he were to get rid of you he’d be at his most powerful level. Or he may have another idea that I can not even fathom. Voldemort can not be predicted.”

“But, why now is really what I meant. And who? Who would he possess to send here? Professor Krats?”

“No. She was in a staff meeting which is why I called you both here. Someone else was on these school grounds and I did not know!” Dumbledore’s tone of voice scares both Harry and Hermione. “I knew I was getting weaker but this castle tells me everything.”

“Everything?” Hermione glances at Harry as she thinks about the time they snuck off to the Muggle Studies classroom.

“Everything. But I do not worry about normal teen things.” Harry and Hermione blush. “You must learn from your mistakes and that is a part of learning that can not be taught in a classroom. Headmaster McGonagall has a different idea but the castle is still not used to her being in control. The castle could not have missed this. It must have been a student as all teachers were in the staff meeting.” Harry and Hermione are shocked. “Yes a student.”

“But that would mean someone got close to Voldemort.”

“Or a Death Eater but the only Death Eater in this school is Professor Night. I am worried that one must have come in through a way that I do not know of.” Harry swallows knowing Dumbledore was implying something.

“Well, Dumbledore, there is a passage I know of.” Harry explains the One Eyed Witch with a Hump and the tunnel to the Honeydukes basement. “I learned about it my third year.”

“So that is how you got out of the castle without the Dementors discovering you?” Harry nods. “Any other paths?”

“No. There is one but it is collapsed. You can’t go anywhere from that tunnel.” Harry looks away feeling guilty. If he had told Dumbledore earlier this may not have happened.

“And how would a Death Eater know about this tunnel?”

“Wormtail. He, him and my dad, the others made a map. The path is on it so Wormtail would know about it.”

“I see. Harry where is this map?”

“I, in my trunk.”

“And your father and his friends made it?” Harry nods. “When they were students here?” Harry nods again not wanting to admit verbally to his betrayal of Dumbledore’s trust. “Very impressive for James and his friends. Could I see this map?” Harry nods again then stands up. “Wait Harry where is it?”

“In my trunk.”

“Dobby.” Crack “Could you go to Harry’s trunk and receive a map?” Dobby nods.

“Wait, it’s just a piece of parchment. It’s old and blank you need to give the password for it to work.” Harry describes the Marauders Map and what it looked like and in what part of his trunk it was in. Crack Dobby disappears then comes back a minute later with a blank piece of paper.

“Is this it Mister Harry Potter Sir?”

“It is, thanks Dobby.” Harry takes the Marauders Map from Dobby then says the password to make the Marauders Map work. “See Dumbledore? It shows you every part of the castle and where everyone is.”

“I will have to confiscate this Harry.” Harry frowns. He didn’t want to lose the Marauders Map. It wasn’t just because the Marauders Map made it easy to sneak around the castle but because it was once his

fathers. Dumbledore looks at the map and sees that the map did indeed show where everyone was. "Until I can make one of my own." Harry smiles.

"How long would that take?"

"I am not sure. Do you know how long it took your father and his friends to make this?" Harry shakes his head. "I could ask Remus. He could also help me make another one." Dumbledore looks for someone on the map. "Where is she?" Dumbledore could not find Professor Night. "Harry, stay here." Dumbledore takes the map with him and leaves the Headmaster office.

"What do you think he is looking for?" Harry shrugs his shoulders. "Dumbledore said where is she do you think he meant Professor Night?" Hermione bites her lower lip in concentration.

"Maybe." Harry and Hermione wait for Dumbledore to come back. After a few minutes the door opens and Dumbledore comes in.

"Peculiar." Dumbledore mumbles to himself. "Very peculiar indeed." Dumbledore sits down behind his desk. "Harry can this map be fooled?" Harry shakes his head.

"No Dumbledore. That's how Lupin found out Peter Pettigrew was alive. The Marauders Map can't lie."

"Interesting. Harry, Hermione, go to your Common Room and stay there. Do not leave for anything until I say so. Not even for classes."

"But, tomorrow is Potions and Arithmancy and..." Dumbledore stops Hermione.

"Classes will be canceled until I can discover this," Dumbledore seems to be searching for the right word. "Mystery. Until then all students are to stay in their Common Rooms. Argus will lead you back to your Common Room and I will send out the message to the other students."

"But they could be anywhere."

"With this," Dumbledore raises the Marauders Map. "I will be able to make sure all students know." Harry and Hermione stand up ready to leave. "Wait, would you like a Chocolate Frog?"

"No, um, what happened to Devin?"

"He was taken to the Infirmary. He will be ok he just needed some quiet to cleanse himself of his thoughts."

"Where did he learn that spell?" Harry had never heard of it. After the books he read he thought he would have at least seen it.

"A dark wizard would use that spell to keep Dementors in control. America has had dark wizards much like Voldemort except it seems they learn more than just the history of the dark wizard."

"Devin said I couldn't have done the spell. Why couldn't I?"

"Harry can you think of evil thoughts? Can you make yourself evil? Can you become selfish and vile?" Harry shakes his head. "That is a lie Harry. You could but something would have to happen. Something like what happened in Devin's life. It is a dangerous spell and he should not have used it but he did get rid of the Dementor." Dumbledore mumbles something.

"What?"

"Harry, promise me you won't leave the Common Room. I know you and how you play the hero, are the hero. But this is something you can not comprehend. I can barely comprehend it if what that map tells me is true."

"It is Dumbledore the Marauders Map has never been wrong."

"Then it must be dealt with before anyone is hurt." Harry and Hermione leave the office then are lead by Filch to the Gryffindor Common Room. They get inside and find it is warm again.

"I wonder what's going on. I could use my Invisibility Cloak but now Dumbledore will see me."

"Harry it was a good thing to give Dumbledore the Marauders Map. He, who knows what he will do."

"Maybe get rid of Professor Night." Harry sits down on a couch. "If we don't have classes tomorrow or the next day what will we do?"

"Finish all of our homework and then have the rest of the time to do what we want." Hermione sits down next to Harry.

"But we'll be stuck in here with everyone else."

"Maybe have an indoor Quidditch practice? I'm sure everyone would like to see that." Hermione smiles. A little cramped but maybe give rides to others." Harry shakes his head.

"Too dangerous Mione. A rogue Bludger smashing this place up wouldn't make McGonagall happy either."

"Just trying to think of things you could do if we're stuck in here with everyone else." Hermione and Harry turn when the Common Room door opens and see Neville coming in. A few minutes later a group of first years come into the Common Room. Soon the Gryffindor Common Room is crowded as every student in Gryffindor is sent there.

"I haven't seen Monica and Ginny." Hermione stands up on the chair and looks for the two. "Where could they be?"

"In one of the dorm rooms?"

"Maybe, I'll go check." Hermione goes to the dorm tower and goes up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. She checks hers and Monica's room first and finds it empty. She goes to the sixth year room and finds the two girls. "Oh, um, did you know that you aren't allowed to leave the Common Room or dorms?"

“No.” Ginny and Monica were on Ginny’s bed with books and parchment out. “Why was it so cold in the Common Room?”

“Someone put the fire out. Just so you know we aren’t allowed to leave the Common Room until Dumbledore says we can. So we might not have classes tomorrow.” Ginny and Monica laugh

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.” Ginny and Monica continue to laugh as Hermione leaves the room and goes back down to the Gryffindor Common Room wondering what was so horrible that Dumbledore had to send the students to the Common Rooms for protection.

Chapter 9: Death Eater Or Not A Death Eater That Is The Question

The school was shut down for nearly three days when the weekend came. The students were getting restless being cooped up in their dorm and Common Rooms. Once all homework had been completed there was nothing to do. "We're missing out on valuable Quidditch Practice time." Bartholomew was one of the louder complainers. "Unless the next weekend of games is canceled."

"Bartholomew give it up." Neville is sitting with a book. "We'll be stuck here until Headmaster McGonagall lets us out."

"I could get out and then I would, um, do something." Bartholomew sits down next to Neville. "I'm bored."

"We all are." Harry overheard the conversation and thinks of something. "We could practice in here. No Bludgers but toss something around from broom to broom." Bartholomew stands up.

"Great idea Harry lets give everyone a show!" Bartholomew runs for the boys' dorm room to get his broom.

"Well Neville want to do it?" Neville stands up.

"Sure Harry. I've already tried reading this book three times now but I keep losing my copy and have to get another one." Neville sets the book down where Harry was sure Neville would forget it. Neville and Harry go to their dorm room and get their brooms. Soon the entire Gryffindor team is ready for an indoor Quidditch practice. Now they just needed something for a Quaffle, a goal, and a Snitch.

"Harry let me do it." Hermione gets her wand out. "Ginny give me that pillow." Ginny takes a pillow off of a couch and hands it to Hermione. Hermione waves her wand and soon the pillow morphs into a round shape. "Here's a Quaffle."

"What about a Snitch?" Monica looks around for something to use as a Snitch but doesn't see one.

“Well, I could try a Summoning Charm. I’m pretty good at that.” Harry remembers when he summoned his Firebolt during the Triwizard Tournament. “But I don’t think we should make a hole in the wall.”

“Use a chess piece.” A third year student picks a pawn off his chess board. “If I get a ride on your Firebolt.”

“After practice I’ll let you fly on my broom. But you have to be careful since we’re inside.”

“I will be.” The student smile in excitement as Harry takes the pawn from him. Harry hands it to Hermione.

“I don’t know what spell to use to make it fly like a Snitch.” Hermione takes the pawn from Harry and casts a spell on it. The pawn immediately takes off into the air. “Thanks Mione. Are you going to watch the show?”

“Sure.” Hermione sits down in a chair and watches the show as do the rest of the Gryffindor students.

After the weekend was over the kids were even more bored. But finally on Thursday a message is sent to all of the Common Rooms telling the students to go to the Great Hall. “What do you think it is?” The students were whispering to each other wondering what happened.

“They found the Death Eater?” The main rumors were that a Death Eater had gotten into the castle.

“They’re closing the school down I bet!”

“No way they wouldn’t.”

The students continue to whisper and guess as they sit down at their separate tables. Headmaster McGonagall is already standing at the podium waiting for all the students to get to their tables. When the last student sits down Headmaster McGonagall begins. “Students, staff, classes will resume tomorrow.” The students, even after being bored out of their skulls, groan. “There is no more danger on the Hogwarts

grounds. But I would suggest staying in your Common Rooms to make sure you have completed all of your homework.” More groans from the students. “And now that you are eating here I thought it would be nice to give you all a treat.” Headmaster McGonagall claps her hands and the Great Hall explodes with Christmas decorations, trees, and food on the tables. “It finally worked.” Headmaster McGonagall looks over at Dumbledore. So far this was only the second time the castle listened to her. It had a hard time getting over Dumbledore stepping down.

“Finally.” The students dig into the food glad to be out of the Common Rooms. Two students though wondered about why the school had to be shut down.

“Who do you think Dumbledore saw on the Marauders Map?” Harry whispers to Hermione while taking a sausage off a plate.

“We already talked about this and I only have a couple ideas.” Hermione takes a drink of pumpkin juice. “Ron, Wormtail or some other Death Eater who got into the castle.”

“But why shut the school down? Dumbledore should have been able to capture them in a few seconds.”

“Unless he wanted to make sure Voldemort didn’t detect his loss of powers.” Hermione didn’t want to talk about this in public so ignores Harry and eats. “I missed this kind of food.”

“So did I.” Harry eats as do the others still wondering what Dumbledore saw and when he could get the Marauders Map back.

After classes on Friday Harry and Hermione go down to Hagrid’s cabin. Harry knocks on the door and Hagrid opens it. “Oh Harry, Hermione, come in.” They go into the cabin and see the fire elementals moving around inside of his fireplace. “What you be coming down for?”

“Well it’s been awhile Hagrid.”

“And you were wondering what happened weren’t you? I can’t tell you cause I don’t know. Dumbledore was in a mood I tell ya.” Hagrid puts a pot on the fire. “Seemed to be huntin something down. Filch told me he caught Dumbledore going about the halls late at night mumbling on about something.”

“But you don’t know what it was?” Hagrid shakes his head. “Well um, Hagrid we were with him right before he shut the castle down.”

“Really? What happened?” Hagrid was just as curious as everyone else about what was going on.

“Well, um, we were talking about something and then we had to go. I don’t know if we’re allowed to talk about it.” Harry looks over at Hermione. “Mione, do you think we should tell him?”

“I, well, we trust you Hagrid we really do but this was between us and Dumbledore.”

“I understand Hermione. Dumbledore trusts me with things that I don’t tell anyone else.” Hagrid coughs. “All the smoke from the fire elementals been getting to me.”

“You could take them out for awhile Hagrid.”

“No not with ‘em. The snow melts and they get wet they die.”

“Oh, well, you could go outside.”

“Too cold. They keep it nice and warm in ‘ere. Going to be a sad day to give them back to the Ministry at the end of the year.”

“Well, we have to get back to the castle. Homework and it is getting late.” Hermione points out the window to the setting sun.

“That it be. You two get back to the castle I need to feed these critters and check on something in the woods.”

“What is it?”

"I can't tell you two. Something between me and Dumbledore."

"What about Headmaster McGonagall? She is the Headmaster of the school." Hermione wonders what it could be.

"Dumbledore doesn't want to burden her with this. He is expectin me to take care of the ol' girl." Hagrid thinks about what he just said. "Forget I said that."

"We won't tell anyone Hagrid." Harry really wants to know.

"I know you won't but Dumbledore made me promise." Hagrid goes over to the door. "You two get going before the sun sets. Not safe at night especially with You-Know-Who back."

"But this is school grounds." Hermione figures that the school would be safe no matter what.

"The school is safe but the grounds, near the Forbidden Forest, is dangerous as it gets. The centaurs have left after centuries of fighting with the Ministry. I don't know what could have scared them." Hagrid opens the door and looks outside. "Get going while you can." Hermione and Harry leave and head for the castle.

"You don't think it could be that dangerous do you?" Hermione looks around as they get to the doors.

"It might be. Centaurs don't just run away." Harry opens the door for Hermione and she goes inside. "Dumbledore let a Death Eater into the school and has Hagrid taking care of something in the woods. Maybe Dumbledore isn't just losing his powers." Harry had been wondering about Dumbledore and finally voices his thoughts to Hermione.

"Harry that's not true. Dumbledore is the smartest wizard, the greatest wizard, since Merlin. It isn't just power that makes a wizard. Knowledge of spells and magical creatures and potions make a great wizard."

"But he's letting a Death Eater into the school. And you heard how he mumbles to himself. Dumbledore is old he might be getting senile."

"Harry a senile Dumbledore would still be a better wizard than you or anyone else here." Hermione defends Dumbledore some more.

"But if he's making bad decisions then we need to tell someone."

"Like who? Hagrid is devoted to Dumbledore. I'm devoted to Dumbledore. The only wizards not devoted to Dumbledore are Death Eaters."

"I don't know then. But he lets a," Hermione interrupts him.

"Death Eater in. I know Harry but that was to have a spy that they could feed false information to."

"He shut down the school. What could be so dangerous that he had to shut down the school?"

"You know very well Harry. A Dementor got in at a time Professor Night was in a staff meeting and couldn't have let it in. Someone else that Dumbledore doesn't know let it in. Or he saw something that shouldn't be."

"Like Voldemort in the school. If Voldemort is getting into the school then Dumbledore is getting weaker than we thought."

"I doubt it was Voldemort. If it had been then the school wouldn't have been shut down it would have been closed. Harry forget about it. I'm wondering what Hagrid is taking care of in the woods."

"Some animal probably."

"An old animal that Dumbledore wants Hagrid to take care of. It could be anything. Maybe a dragon. You know he's been wanting one."

"Just another reason to think Dumbledore is losing it. He wouldn't let Hagrid have a dragon if he was his normal self."

“Well maybe it isn’t a dragon. Maybe it’s something Dumbledore wants to keep safe to use against Voldemort.”

“I doubt it. Dumbledore should have recreated my map by now. If my father and his friends could do it while still in school Dumbledore should have had no trouble making it.” Harry starts to walk away from Hermione when she grabs him by the arm and stops him.

“Harry what’s wrong with you? You’re not acting like yourself.” Harry pulls his arm away from Hermione.

“There’s nothing wrong with me!” Harry clenches his hand into a fist. “I’ll go and confront Dumbledore myself. I’m not afraid of him!” Harry turns and runs from Hermione.

“I didn’t say you were no one did.” Hermione runs after Harry. Harry is faster and more agile making it hard for Hermione to keep up with him until he runs into someone coming out of a class room.

“Watch it!” The person gets their wand out. “Ten points from Gryffindor!” Harry had run into Professor Snape. “What are you doing Mister Potter and Miss Granger?”

“I have to confront Dumbledore! He’s an aging fool who will get us all killed!” Snape points his wand at Harry.

“What potion or spell have you messed with Miss Granger?”

“None we were just coming back from Hagrid’s.”

“Near the Forbidden Forest?” Hermione nods. “I keep telling Dumbledore we need to put a strong barrier in front of there. Harry you will come with me.”

“I’m going to Dumbledore’s!”

“That’s where I’m taking you.” Harry takes his wand out and is ready to use a spell when Hermione gets her wand out.

“Stupefy!” Hermione’s spell hits Harry from behind.

“Twenty points from Gryffindor. You’re not allowed to use spells in the hallways.”

“But, he, he was, you wanted him to attack you so you could take more points off.” Hermione is getting mad and worried. Harry was acting strange and now she just used a spell on him to keep him from attacking a Professor.

“What I wanted was proof of an Ifectius Corrios spell. Mister Potter would not attack me, a former dueling champion. Only someone not under control would do such a thing.”

“Ifectius Corrios? I’ve never heard of that spell.”

“It’s a very dark spell that this school would never teach about.” Professor Snape waves his wand and Harry floats in the air. “You can go back to the Gryffindor Common Room.”

“But I want to go with Harry.”

“I want to have students who don’t question my orders but I’m not getting that am I?” Professor Snape stares at Hermione who surrenders and walks away to the Gryffindor Common Room.

“Hey Hermione, where’s Harry?” Monica was sitting in a chair with a book. “Wanted to ask him when the next Quidditch practice was.”

“I, um, he’s busy.” Hermione didn’t want to talk about what had just happened to Harry. “What are you reading?”

“History of Hogwarts Quidditch. I swear this one kid sounds just like Harry. Glasses, messy hair, looked like the Seeker. Maybe James Potter had a brother or something.” Hermione looks away before the look on her face made Monica ask questions about the mysterious Chaser.

“He didn’t have a brother. Anyone who’s read Fall of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named would know that.” Hermione sits down across from Monica. “Where is every one else?”

"After being cooped up in here they don't want to be in here anymore." Monica laughs. "We have the best Common Room its not so bad being in here. And really it's too cold outside to be going anywhere."

"Yeah, probably shouldn't go outside." Hermione bites her lower lip in worry. "Um, I'm going to go over my homework to make sure I put everything in that I was supposed to." Hermione goes up to the dorm room. She couldn't focus on her homework so puts it away and lies on her bed wondering what was happening to Harry in Dumbledore's office.

"You old bumbling fool! You let a Death Eater into the school then a Dementor gets in and you don't know how they got it in! You're useless!" Harry had woken up after being bound to a chair by Snape.

"I see Severus I believe you are right. Hermione said they were coming back from Hagrid's did she not?"

"That's what she told me."

"She's too scared to say it! If she wasn't such a dirty..."

"Silencio!" Harry keeps yelling but no sound comes out after the spell Snape casts.

"Close to the Forbidden Forest. This is very troubling." Dumbledore looks at Harry. "But they only cast a spell like this on him. If they were trying to kill him they would have."

"Or they would not want to suffer the same fate as the Dark Lord. The fear of casting the killing curse on someone who lived through it before may have been what saved him."

"Or not a Death Eater." Dumbledore thinks about what he had seen on the Marauders Map several times. "Someone looking to hurt Harry not kill him. Severus I do not want to lock the school down again but this can not happen again. We must take Harry to the Infirmary so he can be taken care of and treated for this curse." Dumbledore pulls

something out of his desk. "I do not want to do this but we need guards at this school."

"You're sending the letter to the Ministry? Is this really that severe Dumbledore? It may be Harry Potter but he has not been harmed in any serious manner. If he and the other students stay away from the Forbidden Forest that should be enough." Snape and the others, including Dumbledore, did not want the Ministry involved at the school again. After the debacle with the Dementors after Sirius Black escaped the Ministry on school grounds was not seen as a good idea.

"Severus I do not want to do this but the safety of the students must not be compromised over past experiences with the Ministry." Dumbledore waves his wand and an owl appears. Dumbledore ties the note to the owl's leg and sends out to the Ministry. "Severus could you take Harry to the Infirmary?"

"Yes Dumbledore." Snape looks at Harry who was still yelling but being muted by the spell. "Come with me Potter." The binding spell is released so Harry can stand up. Harry reaches for his wand but is stunned by Snape before he can get it out. "Twenty points from Gryffindor."

"Severus he isn't under his own control twenty points to Gryffindor." Snape scowls then casts a spell to make Harry float and takes him to the Infirmary.

The next day it is out that Harry was in the Infirmary but no one knew why. Everyone assumed Hermione knew and went to her for information. "Leave me alone I don't know!" Hermione had an idea but wasn't going to tell anyone else. "I think it was a Quidditch practice accident now let me do my homework!"

"Out! Out all of you this is a library!" Hermione flinches when the librarian starts to yell. She hoped coming to the library would give her peace but everyone followed her.

"I need a quiet place. The tunnels are too dark to do any work." As the librarian makes the students leave Hermione packs her stuff thinking about a place to go.

A few minutes later Hermione is at the Infirmary. Madam Pomfrey would let her in, so Hermione hoped. As long as she promised not to disturb Harry too much it should be ok. That and Madam Pomfrey wouldn't let the other students in to bother her or Harry. "Hello?" Hermione knocks on the door and it opens.

"What is it?"

"Um, is Harry ok?"

"He is under going treatment and must not be disturbed."

"I don't want to disturb him." Hermione puts her foot between the door to keep Madam Pomfrey from closing it. "I need a quiet place to do homework." Hermione was going to lie but decides it is easier to tell the truth. "Everyone is bothering me about Harry and I can't get peace. I know you won't let them in because they would disturb Harry. I won't because I want him to get better so could you please let me in? I, I could help with something if you help me."

"I have heard some interesting stories to see patients but this one is original." Madam Pomfrey didn't believe Hermione.

"No it's not a story. I want to see Harry but I won't bother him I swear. I, I could clean vials or something if you let me do my homework."

"I could clean them in an instant with magic."

"Well, I could do something else." Hermione is nearly pleading with Madam Pomfrey. "Anything, I just need a place where everyone else won't bother me." Hermione hears a noise and turns to see three students coming down the hall. "They're coming to ask me about Harry. I can't get my homework down because no one will leave me alone."

"Well, you have been a good patient when you've been here." Madam Pomfrey knew Hermione's problem. Being the nurse at the school she had been bothered by students and staff. "Get in." Hermione hurries in before the students see her and bother her again.

Through the week Hermione had been using the Infirmary as a homework room and had been helping Madam Pomfrey. She cleaned vials with pure elbow grease and helped clean sheets, change out files, and other chores from Madam Pomfrey. As she sits and does her Ancient Runes homework she hears the door open. She turns around expecting to see Madam Pomfrey but is surprised with a wand in her face. "Where is Harry Potter?"

"I, um, who are you?" Hermione slowly lowers her hand to her side where her wand was.

"Where is Harry Potter!? Answer me Hermione!" The Mysterious Person's voice was altered by a mask that they wore.

"He's in a special room. In the back." Hermione feels her wand and wraps her hand around it. "Stupefy!" Hermione's spell misses.

"Crucio!" The Mysterious Person doesn't miss.

"Aaaa!" Hermione screams in pain as the spell hits her. Her scream alerts Madam Pomfrey who comes out of her office wand raised.

"Belaris Altima!" A black ball of magical energy shoots out of her wand but the Mysterious Person dodges it.

"Ifrius Shava!" A fireball shoots out of the Mysterious Person's wand and hits Madam Pomfrey. She bursts into flames but the distraction took the spell off of Hermione who recovers.

"Reducto!" Hermione's spell hits the Mysterious Person from behind but instead of hurting them it only seems to annoy them.

"That wasn't very nice. I was going to let you live but I think you should die now." The Mysterious Person points his wand at Hermione. "Avada Ke..." The Mysterious Person is stopped when an ice bolt hits them and freezes their arm in place making them unable to complete the wand movement for the Killing Curse. "Who dares interfere with me!?"

“Stay away from her!” Madam Pomfrey was hurt badly, burnt badly, but was able to put the spell out in time to save Hermione. “Don’t make me kill you. Leave, now, before a teacher comes.” Madam Pomfrey was having a hard time breathing. “Or I kill you.”

“This will thaw.”

“You can’t cast a spell to melt it.” Madam Pomfrey tries to act tough hoping the Mysterious Person would buy her bluff. “Leave or I’ll kill you.”

“Very well but I will be back for Harry Potter!” The Mysterious Person runs out of the Infirmary and Madam Pomfrey collapses to the floor.

“Madam Pomfrey!” Hermione runs over to her. “No, I, I have to get Dumbledore.” Hermione starts to leave the room then stops. “Dobby!” Crack

“Yes Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am?”

“Go to Dumbledore, tell him there was an attack on the school grounds!” Crack “Who was that? Why did they want Harry?” Hermione shakes her head. It was obvious. The person was a Death Eater it had to be a Death Eater. But how had they gotten in? The Ministry had not yet sent guards but the school was safe. At least it was supposed to be safe. Crack

“Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am do you need any assistance? Mister Dumbledore is on his way.”

“Can you heal her?” Hermione points to Madam Pomfrey.

“I can help her Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am.” Dobby scrunches up his face then motions towards Madam Pomfrey. Magical energy comes out of Dobby’s hands and some of the burns heals but the more serious burns remain. “I can do no more.” Dobby looks at Hermione. “Do you need anything Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am?”

“I’m ok Dobby. Madam Pomfrey saved me.” Hermione and Dobby wait for Dumbledore to get to the Infirmary.

After the attack the Ministry immediately sent guards. The school's House Elves were patrolling the hallways and classrooms looking for anyone who wasn't a student. The pictures were all told to keep an eye out. No one knew who the person was but everyone assumed it was a Death Eater. Hermione had to go to Dumbledore's office after leaving the Infirmary for questioning. "Was it a male or female?" The Minister of Magic himself was in the room. Hogwarts was a powerful base for England and it being attacked weakened his political power among the other magical governments. "If you know."

"I don't know."

"Were they old or young?"

"I don't know."

"What do you know?"

"I don't know. They wanted to get Harry. He asked me where Harry was but I, I didn't know what to say."

"A Death Eater in the school." The Minister shakes his head. "Dumbledore I am sorry for taking time sending guards to the school. I never thought a Death Eater would be foolish enough to attack the school."

"A Death Eater would be foolish to attack the school." Dumbledore has ideas about what happened but isn't about to tell the Minister. "I am sure Hermione needs some rest. We can study the room for any magical imprints but I believe she would like to go lie down." Hermione is about to say she wasn't tired or hurt when suddenly she felt tired.

"I, I would like to lie down, I guess." Hermione stands up. "I, is it ok if I go back alone?"

"No. I'll have two of the House Elves follow you." Dumbledore snaps his fingers and two House Elves appear. "Please escort this student to the Gryffindor Common Room."

“Yes Mister Dumbledore Sir.”

“You two can just call me Dumbledore since I am no longer the Headmaster of this school.”

“Yes Mister Dumbledore Sir.” The House Elves and Hermione leave the office for the Gryffindor Common Room.

“Now Minister would you like to examine the Infirmary? The spell used on Poppy was powerful. It should have left behind a magical imprint thick enough for us to identify it.” They leave the office and go to the Infirmary.

“Albus this is of no use.” The Minister did not see any magical imprint. “It may have been a powerful spell but it wasn’t enough to leave an imprint.”

“Ah but there is you just have to know how to look at it.” Dumbledore removes his half moon glasses and stares at the far wall. “Yes, I see it.” Dumbledore concentrates. “No, not a normal person. What is this?” Dumbledore mumbles to himself ignoring the Minister. “No, it can’t be. They’re dead. Harry said he saw them die with his own eyes.”

“What is that Albus?”

“The magical imprint must be off. I should have looked at it immediately. It has been changed due to time.” Dumbledore puts his glasses back on. “Minister thank you for sending guards.”

“The voters would tear me apart if I didn’t protect their children. Dumbledore if anything else happens we may have to close the school down.”

“I know Minister.” Dumbledore sighs. “I don’t want my school, Headmaster McGonagall’s school to be closed but the students must be safe.”

“As long as You-Know-Who is alive they will never be safe.” The Minister and Dumbledore leave the Infirmary. “I hope Poppy gets better soon. I can have a new nurse come until Poppy is better.”

“Yes we will need one. The next Quidditch game comes in February and we may have injuries.”

“All the students in the Quidditch Field, are you sure that is safe?”

“We need it Minister. The students need it to keep their minds off of the attacks by Death Eaters.” Dumbledore and the Minister say goodbye and the Minister leaves. “And from attacks by people who can’t be attacking.”

